

**Auto
Gloves,
\$2.25**

A well made
durable glove
that will give
the best of
service in the
winter or in the
spring with
medium or
medium-light
medium.

**Men's Flannel
Shirts, \$2.00**

—Elastic collar, with 2
patch pockets; lay-down
collar; sizes 14 1/2 to 17-18.

Also at \$2.50—shirts of blue,
khaki and gray flannel; with
button patch pockets and
flaps; collars with links;
sizes 14 1/2 to 17-18.

**Men's Corduroy
Trousers, \$3.00**

A remarkably fine trouser at
this price! Of extra-heavy
corduroy, with cuff bottoms,
snap-top pockets, riveted
hems, in light and dark shades,
sizes 29 to 43 waist measure-
ment—\$3.00.

(Men's Store—Today)

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MISSING AVIATORS, ALIVE, FOUND BY RESCUE PARTY.

GERMAN SEA RAIDER IN GULF OF MEXICO.

Importation of Oil from Tampico to Great Britain May be Stopped.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)
MEXICO CITY, Jan. 19.—Insistent rumors come from Vera Cruz that the German commerce raider now is in the Gulf of Mexico. It is expected in Vera Cruz, the reports add, that the raider will make an effort to cut off the oil ships en route to Tampico for England.

There is no confirmation of the rumors here. The exploits of the raider was on the arrival of the ship at Quarantine today. It was learned, however, that wireless warnings to look out for her were received twice daily during the voyage, the last one early today as the vessel was approaching the American coast.

WARNING IS FLASHED.
Warning to shipping of the Ensenada de Banderas, the captured British merchantman St. Theodore had been armed by the Germans and was scouting in the steamship lane was flashed tonight by wireless by a British cruiser off Sandy Hook.

SHIPS STAY AT CAPES.
(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)
BALTIMORE, Jan. 19.—Since confirmed news of the operations of the German commerce raider was received two days ago not a ship of the belligerent nations has passed out of the Virginia capes from this port for Europe.

Nearly twenty-five ships have entered here during the last two days, bringing the total in port up to thirty. The British ships, which have been forced to anchor in mid-stream because of the lack of wharves, are being towed to the wharves of the Virginia capes from this port for Europe.

CRUISE ON TRAIL.
BUENOS AIRES, Jan. 19.—According to newspapers here, two British cruisers have left the Falkland Islands in search of the German raider.

(Continued on Second Page.)

SEES OMEN IN DOVE'S RETURN.

Comes Back to Oxnard Shop After Three Long Years' Absence from Home.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)
OXNARD, Jan. 19.—Predictions that the American punitive expedition will begin its long march across the deserts of Northwestern Chihuahua toward Columbus, N. M., within the next seventy-two hours were made here today by army officers who are in close touch with the movements of the expeditionary force.

It was unofficially reported by army officers that actual withdrawal operations were under way at El Valle, the southern outpost of the punitive expedition, and at San Joaquin, between El Valle and the field headquarters at Colonia Dublan.

All leaves of absence granted to National Guard officers and enlisted men in this district have been ordered extended thirty days by the War Department, it was announced here today. It was understood that the same order has been sent to all commands in the Southern Department.

The order was interpreted as an indication that the National Guard troops would be sent home from the Mexican border soon.

MORALLY TO BLAME FOR USE OF SERUM.

ARMY SURGEONS DULLED MAN'S MENTAL FACULTIES.

Federal Judge Shows Clemency to Thieving Mail Carrier Because Typhoid Antitoxin on Mexican Border Affected Former Soldier's Brain.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)
KANSAS CITY (Mo.), Jan. 19.—Judge John C. Pollock, in the Federal District Court of Kansas City, Kan., ruled today that Henry Debor, a thieving mail carrier and former Kansas Guardsman, should receive a minimum fine as a result of his conviction on a charge of having rifled the United States mail. Judge Pollock announced a medium sentence, but showed clemency because of the mental dulness caused by an injection of anti-typhoid serum given him by army surgeons last July, and by the heat at Eagle Pass, Tex., where he was doing border duty as a member of the First Kansas Infantry regiment.

"If the government was responsible for his condition he should be accorded leniency," Judge Pollock announced, and fined him \$100 on each of six counts. Debor will be allowed to serve thirty days in jail in lieu of payment.

PUNITIVE EXPEDITION IS ON THE WAY HOME.

Closing Scene of the "Watchful Waiting" Drama in Mexico.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)
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VILLA AT SAN ANDRES.
Villa was at San Andres, west of Chihuahua city, yesterday, awaiting reinforcements, according to reports received from the south today by government agents here.

A column of Villa troops was expected to join him today from the State of Durango, and other columns were moving toward San Andres from the vicinity of Santa Cruz de Rosales, fifty miles south of Chihuahua city.

All supplies billed to Americans in the Casas Grandes-Colonia Dublan district and sent to Juarez for transportation over the Mexico Northern Railroad have been ordered held at Juarez and no further shipments of supplies will be made over this road for the punitive expedition.

Arrangements were also being made in Juarez today for sending all available freight cars to Casas Grandes to bring out the stocks of goods and surplus supplies from the stores of the American Mormons and others who have been supplying the American troops in Mexico.

MOTOR TRUCKS SENT.
The dispatching of four empty motor truck trains of thirty trucks each from Columbus during the past twenty-four hours was taken here to mean early withdrawal. The dispatching of a number of large tanks at Columbus for housing equipment, ordnance, merchandise and other stores was also considered an indication of the early withdrawal and arrival of the expeditionary column at the field base.

Gen. Pershing's troops will be dispatched along the border with headquarters at El Paso and San Antonio, according to reports here and in Columbus today.

TRUCKS LEAVE FIELD BASE.
(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)
COLUMBUS (N. M.), Jan. 19.—One hundred and seventy empty motor trucks have left the American border here during the past twelve hours for field headquarters in Mexico. They will return with excess supplies from the camps on the expeditionary communication line, it was said here.

All officers and enlisted men of the punitive expedition who have been on furlough are being held here.

Large tents are being pitched to store supplies and field equipment of the expedition.

FRENCH CITIZEN'S KILLING CONFIRMED.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)
EL PASO, Jan. 19.—A Spaniard who arrived today from Parral confirmed the killing of Alexander Ricard, a French citizen, who lived in Parral. He was taken prisoner by a band of Villa followers November 8. Dr. Thomas Flanagan, an American physician at Parral, who was in hiding thirty days and who finally reached the border here, died early today from the exposure incident to his experience.

TO TRY ARCHBISHOP BY A COURT-MARTIAL.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)
MEXICO CITY, Jan. 19.—Archbishop Jose Arce Jimenez of Guadalajara, and Bishop Miguel de la Parra, were to be tried by a court-martial.

YARROWDALE IN HARBOR WITH CAPTURED CREWS.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)
BERLIN (via Amsterdam to London) Jan. 20.—The British steamer Yarrowdale was brought into harbor on December 21 as a prize by a prize crew of six men, says an official statement issued tonight. She carried 443 prisoners, the crews of steamers captured by a German auxiliary cruiser off the Atlantic coast.

The prisoners on the Yarrowdale were from one Norwegian and seven British vessels. The cargo of the



Lieut. W. A. Robertson

ROBERTSON'S REPORT OF A PERILOUS FLIGHT.

Lieutenant Gives First-hand Account of His Escape from Death.

(BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.)
WELLINGTON (Aris) Jan. 19.—Lieut. Col. Harry G. Bishop and Lieut. W. A. Robertson, missing army aviators, were found exhausted yesterday after undergoing a four days' tramp without food or water across the arid desert. Robertson was still able to walk, but Col. Bishop had been given up for dead by his comrades, who were told to go on while strength lasted in the last hope of gaining assistance.

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WIND AND POOR MAP BLAMED FOR FLIGHT.

Famished Men Saved from Death by Walk Across the Desert.

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The Times Free Information Bureau
619 South Spring Street

THE TIMES FREE INFORMATION BUREAU is for the accommodation of persons seeking information regarding the conditions and progress of the war, and for the dissemination of news and information of general interest. The bureau is open to all persons, and is free of charge. It is located in the Times Building, 619 South Spring Street, Los Angeles, California. It is open from 10 a. m. to 5 p. m., and is closed on Sundays and holidays. It is a most convenient place for persons to obtain information regarding the war, and for the dissemination of news and information of general interest. It is a most convenient place for persons to obtain information regarding the war, and for the dissemination of news and information of general interest.

Reports**ARLINGTON HOTEL**
SANTA BARBARA

An absolutely first-class hotel—All Outside Rooms, affording plenty of light and air—Headquarters for tourists from all parts of the world. Private lavatories in connection with all rooms. Ideal place for the tourist. Automobile road in front. 15 minutes run Los Angeles to Santa Barbara. Unexcelled facilities for care of automobiles in hotel grounds.

The Most Attractive and Sportiest Golf Links in California.

By the Sea
Hotel Virginia
Long Beach

For the house of hospitality, the hotel Virginia is the ideal place for the tourist. It is a most convenient place for persons to obtain information regarding the war, and for the dissemination of news and information of general interest. It is a most convenient place for persons to obtain information regarding the war, and for the dissemination of news and information of general interest.

Lambert Treatment

Lambert's treatment is the only one of its kind. It is a most convenient place for persons to obtain information regarding the war, and for the dissemination of news and information of general interest. It is a most convenient place for persons to obtain information regarding the war, and for the dissemination of news and information of general interest.

RADIUM SULPHUR SPRINGS

These springs are the most famous in the world. They are a most convenient place for persons to obtain information regarding the war, and for the dissemination of news and information of general interest. It is a most convenient place for persons to obtain information regarding the war, and for the dissemination of news and information of general interest.

CAMP BALDY

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Excursions

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THE VENICE PLUNGE

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ELVA ARMS

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REDONDO, CAL.

Redondo, Cal. is a most convenient place for persons to obtain information regarding the war, and for the dissemination of news and information of general interest. It is a most convenient place for persons to obtain information regarding the war, and for the dissemination of news and information of general interest.

CATALINA

Catalina is a most convenient place for persons to obtain information regarding the war, and for the dissemination of news and information of general interest. It is a most convenient place for persons to obtain information regarding the war, and for the dissemination of news and information of general interest.

NEW ROSSLYN HOTEL

New Rosslyn Hotel is a most convenient place for persons to obtain information regarding the war, and for the dissemination of news and information of general interest. It is a most convenient place for persons to obtain information regarding the war, and for the dissemination of news and information of general interest.

MEALS 25 Cents

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Excursions \$4 San Diego & Return

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Berth & Meals \$49 Seattle, Tacoma, Ret.

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Harvard, Yale, Governor, President, Umatilla, Queen

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Daylight San Diego Trips—Sunday, Wednesday, Friday

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THROUGH TICKETS TO ALL PORTS IN U. S., CANADA, ALASKA

THROUGH TICKETS TO ALL PORTS IN U. S., CANADA, ALASKA is a most convenient place for persons to obtain information regarding the war, and for the dissemination of news and information of general interest. It is a most convenient place for persons to obtain information regarding the war, and for the dissemination of news and information of general interest.

Pacific Steamship Co., 624 South Spring Street

Pacific Steamship Co., 624 South Spring Street is a most convenient place for persons to obtain information regarding the war, and for the dissemination of news and information of general interest. It is a most convenient place for persons to obtain information regarding the war, and for the dissemination of news and information of general interest.

American—Hawaiian

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City Restaurants

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Angelus Grill

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THE WEATHER ELSEWHERE.

Only Four Points in Country Report

Below-zero Temperatures.

CHICAGO BUREAU OF THE

Times, Jan. 19.—Lander, Wyo.: 10 deg. below zero.

Haystack, Mont.: 10 deg. below zero.

Michigan, Mich.: 10 deg. below zero.

White River, Ariz.: 10 deg. below zero.

Chicago, Ill.: 10 deg. below zero.

San Francisco, Cal.: 10 deg. below zero.

Los Angeles, Cal.: 10 deg. below zero.

San Diego, Cal.: 10 deg. below zero.

Portland, Ore.: 10 deg. below zero.

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CEMENT BILL

IS UP AGAIN.

Union Laborites to Thresh

Over Same Old Subject.

Tax of Public Utilities is

Favored by Irvin.

Right to Instruct Senators

Lost by Legislature.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

SACRAMENTO, Jan. 19.—Old

battles of previous sessions of

the legislature are being fought

over again at the present session

as the result of the introduction

to-day by Senator Walter A. McDonald

of a bill to amend the act relating

to the public utilities. This measure

is a re-statement of the bill introduced

in the last session, and is a measure

which has been the subject of much

discussion in the legislature. It is a

measure which is of great importance

to the public utilities. It is a measure

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NEED AMERICAN MADE PRODUCTS. The Times LOS ANGELES SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1917.—EDITORIAL SECTION. POPULATION 1,111,111

ADVANCING SOUTHERN METROPOLIS.
Price of War.
NEED AMERICAN MADE PRODUCTS.
Australian Importer Talks Growing Demands.
Japanese Machinery is not All Satisfactory.
Country's Development Back Many Years.

CONDEMNATION WILL BE FOUGHT TO LAST DITCH.
Faith Charged to City by the Los Angeles Gas and Electric.
The condemnation proceedings against the Los Angeles Gas and Electric Corporation will be fought to the last ditch, according to a statement made last night by Champ S. Tait, president of the corporation. He said that the corporation is prepared to fight the condemnation proceedings to the last ditch, and that it will not be deterred by the fact that the city has already condemned the property.

B. Blackstone Co.
318-320-322 South Broadway
Account of Rain ALL ITEMS
Advertised for Thursday in Our Big January \$5 CLEARANCE
Will Be Continued on Sale Today, (SATURDAY)
\$10.00, \$12.50, \$15 to \$20 Ostrich Plumes. \$5.00
Wool Sweaters, Vals. to \$10.00. \$5.00
Winter Hats, Vals. to \$27.50. \$5.00
Embroidered Scarfs, Vals. to \$15.00. \$5.00
Blouses, \$7.50 to \$9.50 Vals. \$5.00
Lingerie Petticoats at \$5.00
Night Gowns, Remarkable Value at \$5.00
Silk Night Gowns, Remarkable Value at \$5.00
Silk Sweaters marked way down at \$5.00
Silk on French Night Gowns at \$5.00
Silk Dresses, Values to \$7.50, at \$5.00
Pair of \$1.00 Black Silk Hosiery for \$5.00
Wonderful Value in Shiki Rag Rugs at \$5.00
Rug Wilton Rugs; won't last long at \$5.00
Lace Curtains in \$7.50 Values at \$5.00
Wool Blankets for Quick Buyers at \$5.00
Bedspreads—\$6.50 Beauties for \$5.00
Bed Pillows—a great pair for \$5.00
Gauze Rugs—Buy them early at \$5.00
Table Napkins, Values to \$6.50, Dozen \$5.00
Table Cloth, regularly at \$7.00, now \$5.00
Table Cloth, a dollar saved at \$5.00
Hand Towels for \$5.00
Hand Towels, Values to \$10.00, for \$5.00
Combs and Jewelry to \$10.00 for \$5.00
Marabou Muffs in this Sale at \$5.00
Marabou Muffs and \$7.50 Chiffon Auto Scarfs for \$5.00

UNDONE BY HIS OWN IGNORANCE
Dr. Bauch Surrenders; Admits Mann Act Violation.
Confesses, Before He Knows it to be a Crime.
Woman He Brought Here is also Under Arrest.



Dr. Solomon Bauch.
Who surrendered to the Federal authorities yesterday in connection with the Fletcher case.
Walking into the District Attorney's office yesterday, Dr. Solomon Bauch, a Rumanian physician, formerly of New York, calmly admitted having violated the Mann Act. Dr. Bauch is the physician who was recognized by Miss Alice Fletcher, a patient at the psychopathic ward of the County Hospital, who alleged that she is the wife of the physician. Today, according to Inspector Blanford of the Department of Justice, Dr. Bauch will be charged with violating the Mann Act.

THE "BUG" LOOMS.
In the meantime the Council is in a quandary about the point raised as to whether the power charter must be ratified at the March session of the Legislature. The committee of the whole yesterday, the Council discussed the City Attorney's opinion on the proposed amendment, which has a distinct bearing on the power amendment. City Attorney Stephens informed the committee that because of the ambiguous wording of the Constitution, if the charter amendment carries and is ratified at the March session of the Legislature, the Council elected under the authority of that amendment might be challenged by the Legislature.

TWO-YEAR JOB.
It will probably take at least two years before the city can secure the Los Angeles Gas and Electric Corporation. That \$100,000 was spent for nothing, but that's only in line with other prodigious expenditures. The condemnation proceedings against the Los Angeles Gas and Electric Corporation will be fought to the last ditch, according to a statement made last night by Champ S. Tait, president of the corporation. He said that the corporation is prepared to fight the condemnation proceedings to the last ditch, and that it will not be deterred by the fact that the city has already condemned the property.

TEN-YEAR POWER PLANS PROMISE HUGE DEFICIT.
The Board of Public Service has permitted to carry out its contract for the purchase of power from the two companies for a ten-year period at the stated figure of .0122 per kilowatt hour, the city will pay the two corporations in that period for power alone the huge sum total of \$12,022,100; will be facing an operating deficit of \$1,770,000 and will still owe \$18,319,000 on outstanding power bonds. These figures are arrived at by an analysis of the statement issued by the Board of Public Service, on the third page of which appears this statement: "In the tenth year, or 1926, it is estimated that the load carried by the city's system would be approximately 140,000 horse power, of which the city would furnish about 116,000 horse power and the companies about 24,000 horse power."

Petitioner's Exhibit in Remarkable War for Fortune.
Will War.
NO ANSWER YET BY PASTOR EBY.
Minister Accused in Estate Fight is Reticent.
Relatives Say He Influenced Rich Woman's Mind.
They're Cut off and Church Gets Large Legacy.



Part of the evidence in the McNamara-Bettencourt will case. This photograph was introduced to show the intimate relations between John A. McNamara and Rosalie Bettencourt, alleged mother of his child, the baby being set up as his heir. From left to right, those in the picture are Mr. McNamara, Mrs. Bettencourt, Jack Bettencourt, the baby, and Miss M. J. McNamara.

NEW LEGAL GROUND IS BROKEN IN BABY CASE.
BABY'S battle for an estate now claimed to be \$50,000 has raised a point new in the law. It is a story of a woman who quarreled with her sweetheart, married another man, left him and returned to her first love. A child was born which the woman, Rosalie Bettencourt, wife of Antonio Bettencourt, claims is the son of John A. McNamara, a bachelor, who died recently in Sunland. The strange part of the tale is that evidence was produced to show that McNamara caused the child to be baptized John Hamilton McNamara, acknowledging him as his son in letters in which he professed love for Rosalie and urged her to hurry up and get a divorce, and is shown in kodak pictures with little Jack.

CIVIC CENTER PLANS AT THE TEMPLE BLOCK TOLD.
OCCUPANCY of the Temple Block property by the Public Service Commission, with the erection thereon of a building to cost approximately \$400,000, closing of Court street between the Temple Block and the Bullard Building, and condemnation and purchase of this property as an addition to the Temple Block site, and, finally, the condemnation of the property lying within the block bounded by Spring, New High, Franklin and Temple streets, as an addition to the civic center—that is the ambitious program that was outlined before the Public Service Commission at its meeting in committee of the whole before the regular session yesterday. The immediate purpose was to interest the commission in the proposition of its using the Temple Block site for its proposed new structure, instead of erecting it at Fifth and Olive streets, where the water department now owns a valuable piece of property.

Music's Re-Creation
When this noted artist appeared on the stage and stood beside the new Edison Diamond Disc Phonograph, he began to sing in unison with his own voice. Suddenly he paused, his lips were closed, but still his voice continued to fill the auditorium. Only by watching his lips could one tell whether he was singing or whether his voice came from the instrument. This demonstration convinced those who heard it that the new Edison does re-create music. Come to Our Store and Hear Re-Creations of the voices of Rappold, Destins, Cass, Chalmers, Ellison, Urius, and other great artists. You are welcome any day. A demonstration will convince you. Beautiful Art Catalog on Request. FRANK J. HART SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA MUSIC COMPANY 332-334 SOUTH BROADWAY, LOS ANGELES Pasadena Riverside San Diego

Mr. Glen Ellison
Scotch Baritone who sang at Trinity Auditorium Thursday evening
Glen Ellison's recital proved conclusively that Thomas A. Edison has developed a new art—
Music's Re-Creation
When this noted artist appeared on the stage and stood beside the new Edison Diamond Disc Phonograph, he began to sing in unison with his own voice. Suddenly he paused, his lips were closed, but still his voice continued to fill the auditorium. Only by watching his lips could one tell whether he was singing or whether his voice came from the instrument. This demonstration convinced those who heard it that the new Edison does re-create music. Come to Our Store and Hear Re-Creations of the voices of Rappold, Destins, Cass, Chalmers, Ellison, Urius, and other great artists. You are welcome any day. A demonstration will convince you. Beautiful Art Catalog on Request. FRANK J. HART SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA MUSIC COMPANY 332-334 SOUTH BROADWAY, LOS ANGELES Pasadena Riverside San Diego

RELIGIONS IN OUR OWN LAND

A Review of America's Great Preachers' Work.

From "Hell Fire" Evangelists to "New Thought."

General News of the Local Flocks and Shepherds.

Rev. E. Stanton Hodgkin of the First Unitarian Church, having completed a series of sermons on "America's Gospel," will preach on "The Man Who Proclaimed It," in which he treated of the contributions of our American poets and literary men to our religious faith, in now beginning a series of sermons upon "Our American Religions and Our Great Preachers."

In this series Channing, Hoose, Ballou and Theodore Parker are recognized as the great leaders of the early part of the nineteenth century who were forced out of the evangelistic churches because of their insistence that religion is a natural experience and is not dependent upon the supernatural. Hoose, Bushnell, Henry Ward Beecher, and Phillips Brooks constitute a group who a little later stood for essentially the same things as the Channing group, but the spirit of the times had so broadened that they were permitted to remain in the evangelical fold.

Robert G. Ingersoll is recognized as representing an extreme type of iconoclasm who reacted from the crude "hell fire" revivalists who represented the other extreme. Christian Science and New Thought are treated sympathetically as the "New Methodism," and the Billy Sunday type of evangelism is referred to as "Commercialized Christianity."

Mr. Hodgkin will deal with these various phases of religious experience in a series of Sunday morning sermons that will cover about three months, according to the following schedule:

January 21—"Preachers: Their Opportunities and Temptations; Sins of Omission and Commission." January 28—"The Discovery of a Divine Humanity: The Dignity of Man." William Ellery Channing.

February 4—"Discovery of the Divinity of Nature and the World." Power: Theodore Parker.

February 11—"Subject to be selected." February 18—"Inclusive Christianity: Post, Preacher, Theologian: Horace Bushnell." February 25—"Vanishing Lines: The New Universalism: Henry Ward Beecher."

March 4—"A Needed Iconoclast: Robert G. Ingersoll." March 11—"Land-a-Hand Religion: Edward Taylor." March 18—"The New Methodism: Its Institutional Side, Christian Science." Mary Baker Eddy.

April 4—"Elder Sunday: A Resurrected America." April 11—"The New Methodism: Its Individualistic Side, New Thought; Henry Wood." April 18—"Commercialized Christianity: Sensationalism Systematized: Billy Sunday."

TRINITY AUDITORIUM. SERMON ON MODERN WOMAN. Dr. Charles C. Seligman will preach in Trinity Auditorium tomorrow morning on "The Gospel of John," a sermon especially interesting to Sunday-school workers. The evening he will speak on "The Modern Woman." Husbands have been invited to bring their wives, and their views as to the sort of message that should be given to the women of Los Angeles, and these views will be presented at the special musical features have been provided for each service. A lecture on the Yosemite Valley, illustrated with slides of pictures, will be given from 7 to 7:30 p.m. by David M. Curry. The sacred concert in the afternoon will be given by the Mann Jubilee Singers, with characteristic plantation melodies and readings from Dunbar, the negro poet.

BISHOP BASHFORD. FIRST METHODIST CHURCH. Bishop James W. Bashford, who is considered to be the most distinguished Christian leader in mission work in China, and who is spending a few days in Los Angeles, will preach in the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Sixth and Hill streets, tomorrow evening. A rare privilege to the people of Los Angeles to hear this notable speaker and writer.

Bishop Bashford has resided in Peking for the past twelve years, and is intimately informed on the affairs of the Chinese people, and on that great country and is intimately acquainted with the leaders of the nation. His subject tomorrow night will be "China."

Tomorrow morning Dr. Charles Edward Locke will preach on "The Parting of the Ways," and at night he will give a prohibition address at a mass meeting to be held in Redondo, where an election on the subject will be held next week.

THE Y.M.C.A. MEETINGS. The Los Angeles Y.M.C.A. will begin next Tuesday at 12:15 o'clock a series of monthly meetings on "The Subject and Practice of Prayer." In conjunction with a similar movement in every Y.M.C.A. center in North America, Henry C. Waddell, director of the Los Angeles Evangelical Prayer Union, will open the initial forty-minute service in the Y.M.C.A. auditorium and outline a plan which is to be followed from now until next December, when the week of prayer, an annual event in Y.M.C.A. circles, will precede the Christmas holidays.

The intention has been expressed to seek the cooperation of many local clergymen in taking charge of meetings. A number of ministers already have agreed to co-operate in the programme. Meetings will be held the third Tuesday in each month.

The International Committee has suggested the extension of the annual week of prayer to meet the urgent and growing demands of Christian life and work. "A continuous circle of prayer," for use in Christian life and work, is the object of the prayer spirit among Christian

India's Message to the World

A permanent Vedanta Center has been established at No. 1071 South Hoover street.

SCHOOL OF CIVICS

The Church of the People announces the opening of a School of Civics and Philanthropy to meet on Thursday evenings at the church headquarters, No. 412 Blanchard building, from 7 to 8 o'clock.

The meetings will be held next Thursday evening, when Dr. Dana W. Bartlett will speak on "The Relation of the Individual to the Community." Tomorrow morning, Rev. E. B. Light will speak in the Blanchard Hall on "Why Does Truth Hide at the Bottom of a Well?"

The prelude he will discuss "The Deportation of the Belgians." A musical programme will be rendered by Walter Hastings Olney, baritone, and Mrs. William R. Tanner, pianist.

CAIUS NEW PASTOR

The Orchard Avenue Baptist Church has unanimously voted to call to its pastorate Rev. J. W. Great-house, who has been supplying the pulpit for several weeks. It is expected he will announce his decision tomorrow morning. At this service he will preach on the subject of "Know God," and in the evening he will preach on "The World's Greatest Mission Field."

F. P. Sherman will speak on "Justification" at 3 o'clock tomorrow afternoon before the International Bible Students' Association, at the Friday Morning Club House, No. 949 South Figueroa street.

"Things That Cannot Be Shaken" will be the sermon topic of Dr. A. A. Cameron of Ottawa, Can., tomorrow morning in the Central Baptist Church, Alvarado and Pico streets. In the evening Rev. B. Goodfield will preach on the text, "And the Door was Shut." There will be special music at both services.

There will be a unified service, beginning at 10:45 o'clock tomorrow morning, in the Vermont Square Christian Church, Normandie avenue and Fifty-third street. Rev. James R. McIntire will preach on "Men Sent from God." In the evening he will preach on "The Things We Plan and the Things That Happen to Us," and the picture postcard of the headquarters of the "United Wise Men."

Rev. William Evans, D.D., associate pastor in the Westlake Presbyterian Church, No. 520 Grand View street, will preach in the evening on "Jesus at the Crossing of the Highways." There will be special music at both services.

The Belvedere Methodist Church, which is temporarily holding its meetings in the theater at First and Grand streets, will have a sermon tomorrow morning from Rev. J. L. Clark on "The Summit of Life." His subject will be "A Man Better than a Sheep?"

Tomorrow afternoon at 3 o'clock the Hollywood Bethany Baptist Lutheran Church, Hollywood boulevard and Vine street, Rev. Victor Brohm will preach on the subject, "The Lord's Supper." At the Trinity German Lutheran Church, West Eighteenth and Birch streets, Rev. W. E. Trieger of Santa Monica will speak tomorrow morning on "Luther and Our School." In the evening Rev. J. H. Kaiser will preach on "Faith."

In the Grace English Lutheran church, 124 West Vermont avenue, Rev. E. T. Coyner will preach tomorrow morning on "Righteousness by Faith." In the evening there will be a lecture on "Reformation History."

Tomorrow morning in the Boyle Heights German Lutheran Church, East Second and Dakota streets, Rev. G. H. Smulak will preach on "Reformation." In the evening the sermon will be in English on "Our Faith."

"The Lord of Jesus Experienced in Our Daily Life" will be the subject of a sermon tomorrow morning by Rev. J. H. Trieger in the East Side Emanuel Lutheran Church, No. 146 North Griffin avenue. Services will be conducted in the evening at 7:45 in English.

Rev. Victor Brohm of the Hollywood Church, will conduct the service tomorrow morning in the German Lutheran Church, No. 1118 East Forty-sixth street. The subject of the service will be "The Lord's Supper." In the evening Rev. J. H. Trieger will preach on "The Lord of Jesus Experienced in Our Daily Life."

Rev. S. M. Bernard will preach tomorrow morning in the Plymouth Christian Church, Berendo street, near Pico, on the theme, "Can the Church Be a Power?" In the evening Rev. J. H. Trieger will preach on "The Lord of Jesus Experienced in Our Daily Life."

Rev. Chester Ferris will preach tomorrow morning in the Park Congregational Church, Berendo street, near Pico, on the theme, "Can the Church Be a Power?" In the evening Rev. J. H. Trieger will preach on "The Lord of Jesus Experienced in Our Daily Life."

Rev. Frank W. Otto's sermon tomorrow morning in the Arlington Presbyterian Church, Washington street and Fifth avenue, will be on "The Chief Business of the Church." In the evening Rev. J. H. Trieger will preach on "The Lord of Jesus Experienced in Our Daily Life."

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CHURCH OF THE OPEN DOOR

Sixth and Hope Streets—TOMORROW

DR. R. A. TORREY

WORLD-FAMOUS PREACHER

11 A.M.—"HOW TO SAVE THE CHILDREN"

7:30 P.M.—"WHY THE KING CAME"

LARGE CHORUS AND MALE QUARTET

Prof. J. B. Trowbridge, director; Prof. C. H. Marsh, accompanist.

Ideal Auditorium—4000 Comfortable Free Seats—You Are Invited.

THEOSOPHY.

United Lodge of Theosophists

FIFTH FLOOR, METROPOLITAN BLDG., 5th and Broadway—Public Library Bldg.

SUNDAY, 8 P.M.

"What Reincarnates?"

Theosophists and others who are seeking a philosophy of life that really explains the facts of human existence. Free reading room, open daily 3 a.m. to 5 p.m. Saturday 9 a.m. to 12 noon. Women's Study Club, Wednesday, 4:30 p.m. all women welcome. Students' meeting, Wednesday 8 p.m. public invited. Sunday meetings 11:30 to 1 p.m. on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.

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BAPTIST.

TEMPLE BAPTIST CHURCH

Fifth and Olive Sts.

9:30 a.m.—Bible School in Berean Hall.

11 a.m.—"THE FIRST THING IN THE WORLD."

Authentic by Quaker and Vested Choir. Contralto Solo, Alice Lohr McDaniel.

7:30 P.M.—MOTION PICTURES

Sermon—"The Boy that Gets There."

Authentic by Great Vested Choir, Tenor Solo, Ralph H. Laughlin. Ray Hastings gives account of popular numbers at 7 o'clock.

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"ARE WE REALLY FREE?"

(Questions follow)

AT 11 A.M.

"HOW FAR ARE YOU HUMAN?"

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727 SOUTH FLOWER STREET.

GRACE BAPTIST CHURCH

515th & SPRING ST.

Come and hear the old-fashioned gospel, every man's need of salvation through THE FINISHED WORK OF CHRIST ON THE CROSS. Bible School, 9:30 a.m. Preaching, 11 a.m. Prayer meeting, 7 p.m. Bible Reading, 8 p.m. Lord's Supper, 10 p.m. Sing and Gospel Songs, 7 to 8 p.m. Pastor, Joseph Smith.

CENTRAL BAPTIST CHURCH

Alvarado and Pine Streets

11 a.m.—"Things That Cannot Be Shaken." 7:30 p.m.—"And the Door Was Shut."

Rev. Dr. A. A. Cameron of Ottawa, Canada, will preach in the morning and Pastor B. Goodfield at night. This is a Home Church with a warm welcome for the stranger.

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PEN POINTS.

BY THE PRESS.

It is now possible to note the increase in the price of beer by the light of the collar.

Will Mexico ever come from trading and give us a rest? It is too much to expect.

What a fine place Iowa must be to live in! There are no taxes on income and no business in great way.

There are other places where those who go down to the sea to trade and do business in great way.

It is estimated that President Wilson will veto the \$25,000,000 public debt bill. It is too much to expect, but we are hoping.

It is given out that Ireland wants more freedom as Poland, but Irish are always wanting something that they cannot get.

Getting right down to brass tacks, the truth is that we are all probably "suffering" from the same thing, and has been known to.

There is some criticism of the address of Liberty on the new places on the coast of the United States, but isn't she exercising usual female privilege?

If the prices of monkeys continue to advance some of the poor monkeys of the country will be compelled to do some of their petting for the benefit of their children.

During the year ending June 30, there were 10,529,772 letters sent to the dead-letter office, and that number was an extraordinary number of wedding invitations.

Dr. Peter Negulescu, a leading physician of Rumania, has arrived in San Francisco, optimistic as to the status of his country.

Dr. Peter, etc., must have been reading up on Mark Twain.

John Philip Sousa says that the hands of music to hypnotize people would cease.

He is about that, John Philip! The new hands which performed the calculated to inspire a nation.

We are accustomed to laughing at the people who follow the leader, even if it is to do so with a gun. But people are about as the sheep in the pen.

It is proposed to reduce the price on "drop" letters to one cent, but the people are more interested in better delivery rather than cheap postage. It would be money in the pockets of Uncle Sam.

It has been figured out that the United States should send a dispatch without delay to Japan, and with England, could save the money of 2,500,000 to our shores.

It is a serious loss of time. It is a serious loss of time. It is a serious loss of time.

Senator Works has introduced a resolution inquiring as to the status of the New York State.

According to the figures of the Internal Revenue Commission, the number of persons who pay an income tax on an average of 1917.

The new crop of cotton is rich by men which have been reduced by the war.

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San Geronimo and the "Big Bear" demand the repeal of the eight-hour law.

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Convicts Himself.

(Continued from First Page.)

move during several years. We were not looking for him particularly as we did not know of this second felon until he told about her," said the officer.

The District Attorney and Federal officials are rather anxious to find out by what means the prisoners lived. According to their own account, Dr. Bauch never received a large salary. Nevertheless, he has lived without working, made several transcontinental trips and was well-equipped with clothing when arrested. The prisoner declared that he had been living on his savings and was about to get his first position in years when recognized by Miss Fletcher. After making his confession, he refused to give out any details of his life. He declared that he had lived "here and there" for several months and came to California two months ago, stopping in Santa Monica. He found that he could not practice in this State without being registered and immediately set about securing a place in the County Hospital. He has been in America since he was a child. He speaks English with precision, but with a decided foreign accent.

Miss Fletcher, or, as the Federal officials refer to her, Mrs. Bauch No. 2, was reluctant to talk when arrested under arrest last evening. She would not give her name or other information and was booked merely as Jane Doe. Parts of Dr. Bauch's confession were read to her and she then admitted her identity, only later to deny it. Then she broke down and told of her meeting with the Rumanian and her trip to Los Angeles, according to the jailer.

Miss Fletcher, who is suffering from a nervous breakdown, declared that she was legally married to Dr. Bauch and that she came here expecting to be cared for by the physician, but that she immediately learned of his alliance with Miss Mitchell. In a panic she tried to board a train for the East, but her mental condition was such that she was detained for investigation. The next day she recognized Dr. Bauch as her husband and this was set down to her nervous disturbance and the physician have escaped arrest had he not been informed as to the nature of his case, but her mental condition was such that she was detained for investigation. The next day she recognized Dr. Bauch as her husband and this was set down to her nervous disturbance and the physician have escaped arrest had he not been informed as to the nature of his case, but her mental condition was such that she was detained for investigation.

Dr. Bauch was operated on for the past fiscal year, 1914-1915, was \$298,800; for 1915-1916, \$298,800; for 1916-1917, \$298,800, notwithstanding that there was an average increase in the number of patients of 282 to 1941. The cost of the hospital was \$11.11 to \$1.91 per day.

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Convicts Himself.

(Continued from First Page.)

move during several years. We were not looking for him particularly as we did not know of this second felon until he told about her," said the officer.

The District Attorney and Federal officials are rather anxious to find out by what means the prisoners lived. According to their own account, Dr. Bauch never received a large salary. Nevertheless, he has lived without working, made several transcontinental trips and was well-equipped with clothing when arrested. The prisoner declared that he had been living on his savings and was about to get his first position in years when recognized by Miss Fletcher. After making his confession, he refused to give out any details of his life. He declared that he had lived "here and there" for several months and came to California two months ago, stopping in Santa Monica. He found that he could not practice in this State without being registered and immediately set about securing a place in the County Hospital. He has been in America since he was a child. He speaks English with precision, but with a decided foreign accent.

Miss Fletcher, or, as the Federal officials refer to her, Mrs. Bauch No. 2, was reluctant to talk when arrested under arrest last evening. She would not give her name or other information and was booked merely as Jane Doe. Parts of Dr. Bauch's confession were read to her and she then admitted her identity, only later to deny it. Then she broke down and told of her meeting with the Rumanian and her trip to Los Angeles, according to the jailer.

Miss Fletcher, who is suffering from a nervous breakdown, declared that she was legally married to Dr. Bauch and that she came here expecting to be cared for by the physician, but that she immediately learned of his alliance with Miss Mitchell. In a panic she tried to board a train for the East, but her mental condition was such that she was detained for investigation. The next day she recognized Dr. Bauch as her husband and this was set down to her nervous disturbance and the physician have escaped arrest had he not been informed as to the nature of his case, but her mental condition was such that she was detained for investigation.

Dr. Bauch was operated on for the past fiscal year, 1914-1915, was \$298,800; for 1915-1916, \$298,800; for 1916-1917, \$298,800, notwithstanding that there was an average increase in the number of patients of 282 to 1941. The cost of the hospital was \$11.11 to \$1.91 per day.

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Abroad.

Business Page.

Citrus Fruits, Butter and Eggs—Current Trade—Local Produce Markets.

COMMERCIAL.

LOCAL PRODUCE MARKET.

According to the United States Department of Agriculture preliminary figures in this country...

ANGELES CURB MARKET.

Butter and Eggs.

PRICES CURRENT.

FRUITS—Apples.

FRUITS—Oranges.

FRUITS—Lemons.

FRUITS—Grapes.

FRUITS—Pears.

FRUITS—Plums.

FRUITS—Nectarines.

FRUITS—Peaches.

FRUITS—Strawberries.

FRUITS—Raspberries.

FRUITS—Blackberries.

FRUITS—Currants.

FRUITS—Gooseberries.

FRUITS—Elderberries.

FRUITS—Huckleberries.

FRUITS—Junberries.

FRUITS—Sageberries.

FRUITS—Chokeberries.

FRUITS—Elaeagnus.

FRUITS—Rhamnus.

FRUITS—Lonicera.

FRUITS—Asplendia.

FRUITS—Ligustrum.

FRUITS—Syringa.

FRUITS—Viburnum.

FRUITS—Cornus.

FRUITS—Rosa.

FRUITS—Fragaria.

FRUITS—Rubus.

FRUITS—Sambucus.

FRUITS—Lonicera.

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DAILY EASTERN CITRUS MARKET QUOTATIONS.

[BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.]

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MARKET HIGHER ON ALL GRADES.

BRIDEGROOMS MUST BEWARE OF DRINK.

WHEN WEDDING BELLS PEAL, GET ON THE WAGON.

One Brandy-Excited Happy Man...

Persons about to be married are more susceptible to the influence of alcohol than other persons.

Mr. Smith, best on shopping for wedding presents...

Mr. Smith's confession corroborated the statement.

Later Mr. Stanley had him arrested and presented him to a charge of theft.

His bride-to-be and her parents...

Finally he made a full confession of the circumstances...

On the theory a man who is married is less responsible for his condition after taking a glass of liquor than a normal man...

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WOULD DIE WITH CAT.

Woman, Fearing to Face the Great Adventure Alone, Poisoned Pet and Then Swallows Lethal Dose of Poison.

Human Nature.

Feeling that the greatest adventure of life—death—alone, and still having no friends to whom she could turn in her trouble, Mrs. Nellie Roberts, of the Grand Hotel, early last night coated her only pet, a large Persian cat, to drink a bowl of poisoned milk, and then swallowed a lethal dose of poison herself.

Twisting with pain, the cat died alone on the floor of Mrs. Roberts' apartment, for the grand hotel, the excitement of the cat was overlooked, and when discovered was dead.

Prompt attention given at the hospital saved Mrs. Roberts from death as she sought, and late last night she returned to her apartment, and the dead body of what she called her only friend.

Before leaving the hospital Mrs. Roberts stated to police officers that she

PRISON BEATS BIGAMY COURT.

Supposed Much-wed One Safely Behind Bars.

Divorces Stop Prosecution of Adventure.

Letters Reveal Matrimonial Entanglements.

Because he is serving a sentence in San Quentin prison and because two or three women he is alleged to have married while legally wedded to another have divorced him, District Attorney Woodliffe will likely not prosecute Charles Bell Rucker for bigamy. The man of many wives and more troubles, whose aliases were Charles R. Bell and Charles Campagna, was found guilty and sent to the penitentiary ten days ago for stealing an automobile.

That the man, who was engaged in a series of marriages, was known to several men of note in the city, was revealed in a letter which he wrote to a friend a few weeks ago and made violent attacks upon city and county officials, was seized upon in several matrimonial entanglements. Known yesterday when officers of the District Attorney's office found a large number of letters that had been passed between him and his wives.

From the letters it was ascertained that he was first married to a woman who signed her name as "Mrs. Bell" to him as "Your Pal." She now is principal of a school in Independence, Mo. She was the first to learn of his duplicity, the discovery being made after the birth of their son, Ben Charles. She was given a divorce last July.

With No. 2 was formerly Mrs. Carl. She was married to him when he was known as Charles Campagna. She was given a divorce last July.

With No. 3 is Mrs. Elizabeth Rucker, who is living with her parents in Portland, Or. "Rit" another wife is known as "Rit." She was given a divorce last July.

With No. 4 is Mrs. Elizabeth Rucker, who is living with her parents in Portland, Or. "Rit" another wife is known as "Rit." She was given a divorce last July.

With No. 5 is Mrs. Elizabeth Rucker, who is living with her parents in Portland, Or. "Rit" another wife is known as "Rit." She was given a divorce last July.

ARREST THREE AS DRUG PEDDLERS.

FOURTEEN IN "DOPE" IS ALSO SEIZED BY OFFICERS.

Question of Where Men Could Get Enough Morphine to Stock Half-dozen Good-sized Stores. Federal Officials—Trio Given Preliminary Hearing.

With the arrest of Dr. Albert H. Currie, H. M. Mitchell and L. W. Marshall, charged with violation of the Harrison anti-narcotic law, Collector Carter of the Internal Revenue Department asserts that in his opinion one of the most important causes of the past ten years has been made it is claimed that Currie, who has an office in the Story Building, had in his possession no less than 40,000 morphine tablets, running from a quarter to a whole grain, and valued at \$12,000.

Mitchell and Marshall, according to the allegations of the government, were employed by Currie to deliver the dope to its victims.

Currie is charged with illegally disposing of the opium; Mitchell and Marshall with having sold a dozen morphine tablets to H. D. Newell, for which \$1 was received, neither having a license to deal in the drug.

The trio was arraigned before United States Commissioner Hammock immediately following their arrest on complaints sworn out by A. J. Ertel, of the local internal revenue office and Dr. C. W. Montgomery of San Francisco, in behalf of the internal revenue agents engaged in chasing the drug dealers and users.

The preliminary examination of the three was set for next Wednesday at 10 o'clock in the morning. The case will be taken up by the Federal grand jury. The bail in the case of Mitchell and Marshall was fixed at \$2,000; that for Dr. Currie at \$2,500.

In a capture involving so large a quantity of the drug the point that Currie is charged with is that he is carrying in his half-dozen retail drug stores in the city. This point being uncertain, Currie is charged with disposing of the tablets in an illegal way.

FOR WAR SUPPORTERS.

Will Give Half to Raising Funds for Jews, Opera Company to Aid.

A bill will be given tomorrow evening to Shrine Auditorium in aid of the Jewish war sufferers in Europe.

The Jewish War Sufferers Society, under whose auspices this bill is given, has sent about \$10,000 to the central committee in New York in charge of the distribution of the funds.

Rabbi Isidore Myers, president of the society, has received a sympathetic letter from S. M. Pasquell, general manager of the Los Angeles English Opera Company, offering the free services of that company to aid the cause of the Jewish war sufferers.

The other has been gratefully accepted and arrangements are being made for an entertainment to be given in the near future by that company.

Undelivered Telegrams.

There are telegrams at Western Union for J. A. Brinkley, W. J. Cornell, Rafael Canale, Mrs. C. L. Dunlap, William Duffey, Miss Hilda Duffey, William Engelhorn, Miss Dorothy Foster, Harry J. Harmer, Dorothy Johnson, Fred H. Jones, T. J. Kelly, Preston Morris, H. C. Pines, T. J. Kelly, Jack Gage Stark, Theodore Searcy, Robert A. Searcy, William Searcy, Star Oil Gas Purser Company, P. S. Thomas, Miss Anita Wright, C. H. Wilson; Postal: Western Construction Company, W. C. Graves, C. Conlin, Charles S. Coleman, William M. Abbott, George Ward, John C. Howard, Sam Warner, Mrs. Laura Nichols.

Telephone "Want Ads."

For insertion in the Sunday Times should be sent before 10 o'clock on Friday.

REFUSES PROBATION.

Rather than Reveal Name and Cause Sorrow to Mother and Father, Young Man Convicted of Burglary, Refuses Clemency.

Rather than humiliate his mother and father, a young man known on the court records as Herman Rose yesterday refused to divulge his right name or to ask Judge Craig for probation. As a result he was sentenced to two years in Folsom prison.

Deputy District Attorney Hogan announced that he was willing the prisoner, who was convicted of burglary, be given probation, but young man he politely refused to make the application.

VAGARIES OF MIND DEEPEN MYSTERY.

INJURED MAN SAYS HE MAY HAVE TRIED SUICIDE.

Mechanic Who Was Found in Park Wandering About with Bullet Near His Brain Is Still Thought to be Rando's Victim Despite His Ramblings.

Did Thomas Levine attempt to commit suicide, or is he the victim of bandits? He is the man who was found wandering aimlessly about in Huntington Park Thursday morning with a bullet lodged near the base of his brain. Taken to the County Hospital, he remained in a semi-comatose condition for a long time and in lucid moments which came yesterday, he suggested that he might have attempted to commit suicide.

An employee in the mechanical department at the Children's Hospital, he resides with his wife at No. 2502 Central avenue. When Mrs. Levine was told that her husband had been shot, she was shocked and based it on the ground of congenial traits, she expressed very much surprise.

"My husband was not at home several days prior to the time he was found wounded. Nor did we have any trouble or such a statement, and just before that," she told the attendants of the psychopathic ward at the hospital. "We may have had some trouble, but certainly none that would warrant suicide on the part of Mr. Levine."

Due to the fact that the man had no valuables or money to speak of when he was found, and also that the local police had been called to the scene, she said she was sure that he had been shot by some one who was not a friend.

Yesterday, after a few moments of unconsciousness or into strange ramblings of events that happened many years ago and could have no connection with his present difficulty.

OUT OF FRYING PAN.

Fire From a Grate Drives Family into Chill Night to Face the Torment of Rain and Wind Without Much Clothing for Protection.

Rain outside, fire within, and no clothing was the predicament which faced the family of J. L. Taylor, No. 1445 West Thirty-sixth place, early yesterday morning. During the night the fireplace had been banked with briquets.

Early in the morning, a red-hot briquet tumbled off the grate to the floor, and started a fire which spread to the members of the family from their sleep. The fire was so intense that the family was forced to leave the house, and so thick no one could see to find any clothes.

Outside a torrent was falling and a chill wind snapped warning at the door that all who made their exits should be prepared to suffer. The family finally dared the wind, rain and chill air, hastily wrapping themselves in whatever they could find, and rushed to a neighbor's home, and summoned the fire department. The house was saved but the contents were damaged to an extent estimated at \$500.

MORE ARGUMENTS.

Barringer Bigamy Case Drags With Mass of Technicalities, As Lawyers Argue on Jurisdiction—Decision Expected Wednesday.

More arguments were heard yesterday by Justice Hineshaw in the case of Melvin A. Barringer, alias Carl Ray, who is charged in a complaint issued by Mrs. Victoria Korn Barringer, with bigamy. A decision on the points raised will be given next Wednesday.

The chief question is whether California courts have a legal right to attack the jurisdiction of the authorities in a sister state. Deputy District Attorney Powell contends that the divorce granted to Mr. Barringer in Cheyenne, Wyo., was illegal upon the grounds that the defendant was still a resident of California when the decree was given. Attorney W. J. Ford, for the defendant, takes the opposite stand.

That the proceeding is more or less technical was admitted by Deputy Powell, but he states upon it depends the validity of hundreds of divorces granted to persons who went to other states for the sole purpose of securing them, and for those who wanted to limit their conversations on the telephone to business matters as much as possible.

Schools and Colleges

Spanish

The Isaacs-Woodbury Business College

FIFTH FLOOR HAMBURGER BUILDING—EIGHTH AND BROADWAY.

EDWARD KING ISRAEL, President.

DRAMA, FANCY AND CLASSICAL DANCING.

Regular Day Class in Drama meets every day.

Children's class meets every Wednesday afternoon and Saturday morning.

Send for Catalog.

The Egan School

Three-year collegiate course in all phases of Literature.

Interpretation, Story-telling, Public speaking, elocution, etc.

It is a beautiful new campus and buildings. Catalogue on request.

W. M. C. A. SCHOOLS

HIGH GRADE DAY AND EVENING SCHOOLS. Accounting, Book-keeping, Short-hand, Preparatory Grade, Technical, Commercial Art, Anatomical, Machine Shop, etc.

Classes in Spanish and public speaking now forming. Catalogue free. 115 S. Hope St. 1003; Main 5200.

The Public Service.

At the City Hall.

TO ASK STATE TO PAY DEBT TO CITY.

COUNCIL INSTRUCTS ROBERTS TO GO TO CAPITAL.

Will Seek to Rectify Injustice Caused by Gov. Johnson's Failure to Sign Bill Reimbursing Los Angeles for Work Done for Benefit of Normal School.

Gov. Johnson cost Los Angeles \$16,000 by failing to sign a bill passed at the last session of the Legislature appropriating that amount to reimburse the city for money spent on behalf of the new State Normal School by the construction of the Madison-Virgil tunnel sewer. The Council yesterday delegated Councilman Roberts to go to Sacramento to see if Lieut.-Gov. Stephens will right the wrong done the city.

President Betkouski said that when the trustees of the State Normal School bought the site it was in a swamp and if the storm sewer had not been built the land could not have been used for the State building.

It was understood that the State would appropriate the amount to pay for the assessment on the State's property.

Councilman Wheeler said the bill appropriating the money was passed by both houses of the Legislature, but got lost in the Governor's office. There was no question about the justice of the claim and a statement of facts should be presented to Lieut.-Gov. Stephens and members of the Legislature.

Councilman Topham said Gov. Johnson vetoed it and a President Neylan of the State Board of Control, who was appointed by Johnson, had refused to include the amount in the budget this session.

"This end of the State made Johnson Governor by giving him an enormous vote and this is what we get for it," he added. He suggested that Councilman Roberts, who swallowed Johnson's bait, slinker and hooks," be sent to Sacramento to get the money.

"How would it do to have him stay there till he does get it?" inquired President Betkouski.

ORDER HELD UP.

MAYOR'S SUGGESTION.

At the suggestion of Mayor Woodman yesterday held up its order directed to the Economic Gas Company ordering it to furnish, without discrimination, fuel gas to all its customers.

The Economic company has applied to the State Railroad Commission to serve without causing a possible interruption. The company asserts this is unfair discrimination against its natural gas supply with a manufactured product, the same as other companies are doing.

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introduced into the evidence letters

from her husband, and a copy of a poem, the keynote of which was "He's one of the fellows that don't fit in," concluding with "The smug world cast him out, there burn like the flames of a glowing coal the fire of a love devoted."

Mr. McLaren wrote his wife that if she thought it was her best bet to go to California, why take it and never consider him at all, "as I am only a bum or a common hound, so I am not worth considering."

ACCIDENT INVOLVES.

IMMEDIATE RELIEF HIGH.

A dispute as to the amount of a bill paid by the owners of the Union Oil Building for surgical relief, under an accident insurance policy, resulted in the corporation bringing suit against the Fidelity and Casualty Company of New York. The amount involved, \$741.59, which is alleged to have been spent when Mrs. J. A. Heeson was injured while leaving one of the elevators in the building.

City Hall Notes.

The ordinance adopted by the Council yesterday providing for the transmission lines to be constructed in Griffith and Elysian Parks has the emergency clause attached so it becomes effective immediately.

Emergency Clause.

The ordinance adopted by the Council yesterday providing for the transmission lines to be constructed in Griffith and Elysian Parks has the emergency clause attached so it becomes effective immediately.

EDITORIAL SUGGESTED.

LIBEL IS ALLEGED.

William J. K. Gaffie, editor of the American Globe, a financial publication of this city, in a suit filed yesterday, asked \$25,000 damages from C. E. Norton, E. D. Jimenez, E. Taney and J. C. Meyer, for alleged false and malicious publications.

One of the alleged libelous articles, after hoping "you have all read the American Globe," goes on to say that "publishers of periodicals do not take up corporation matters without big pay and you have, or will, pay for the publication. We hope you have read every word of it, because it may fix in your mind the price you paid for your stock in this company, a company that has been not only well plucked, but a case in which you, as stockholders, have furnished the feathers."

The date of the matter is December 19, 1916.

IN AND OUT OF THE MATTER.

DISCHARGES JURY.

The evidence in the \$10,000 damage suit of Daniel H. Kelly and injured by a Los Angeles Railway car at Tenth and Figueroa streets, March 8, 1915, which was tried in Judge Monroe's court, tried the jury up from 2 to 10 o'clock yesterday, and then it was found that the jury could not be reached, the court discharged the jurors. Mr. Kelly claimed he was struck while attempting to cross the street.

DAMAGE SUIT.

Nathan Levin, who claims he was assaulted by M. R. Thomas last Saturday morning around and badly injured in the court yesterday, asking \$2000 damages. He alleges that the defendant struck him on the head, left eye and shoulder with a watchmaker's tool two feet long and weighing two pounds, and that the assault was in the presence of the passer-by. He asks \$2000 for the suffering endured and \$10 for medical treatment.

FOUND ANOTHER.

THE VISIT OF MRS. MINNIE H. JONES to the fair at San Francisco cost her dear. In divorce court yesterday she told Judge Wood that her husband, Marvin H. Jones, a post-office clerk, wrote her, saying it was his duty to leave her and to live together again.

Surprised and hurt, Mrs. Jones returned to Los Angeles and claimed she was told by Mr. Jones that he had found another woman "he thought more of than he did of me."

At this frank avowal Mrs. Jones employed Attorney W. S. Mitchell and filed suit for divorce. The decree was granted by Judge Wood.

ADMIT IT.

ONLY COMMON HUM, HE SAYS.

Wanderlust appears to have been responsible for James McLaren, a divorcee living home. At any rate, Jane McLaren was granted a divorce by Judge Wood, yesterday, on the ground of desertion. She

Schools and Colleges

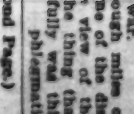
Spanish

The Isaacs-Woodbury Business College

FIFTH FLOOR HAMBURGER BUILDING—EIGHTH AND BROADWAY.

EDWARD KING ISRAEL, President.

DRAMA, FANCY AND CLASSICAL DANCING.



The present is an ideal time to make a planting of these universally popular favorites; set out now means an abundance of fine blossoms next summer, autumn and winter. We have a splendid collection of fine, thrifty plants in 2½-inch pots.

BELLE WASHBURN—Pure bright scarlet, very large, long stemmed.
CHATHAM—Immense blooms, deliciously fragrant, very free, deep scarlet.
MATCHLESS—A magnificent pure white, very free, many buds, clove scented.
 Price of any of the three novelties, each 25 cents; per doz. \$1.50.
 Special Offer—Four plants of each of the three varieties, twelve in all, postpaid to any address for \$1.50.

ADMIRATION—Strongly clove scented. Immense blooms, color, white overlaid rose.
HEATSEIK MAYBERRY—Rich, bright pink.
DR. HARVEY—Pure white, standard rose pink.
CONCOURS—Deep rose pink, enormous size, long stemmed, fragrant.
 Price of any of the above four varieties, each 10 cents; per doz., \$1.00.
 Special Offer—Three of each variety, twelve in all, postpaid to any address for \$1.00.

PROSPERITY—White overlaid deep rose.
 PURITY—Snow white, large.
 ROOSEVELT—Dark maroon red.
 WHITE ENCHANTRESS—Immense bluish white.
 WHITE FAIR MAID—A pure white sport of Fair Maid.
 Price of any of the above is 10 cents; per doz., 75 cents. If wanted
 by mail add 10 cents per doz. to cover postage.

ALYSUM—Nothing prettier for ground cover in park-
ways, beds, etc. We offer three choice varieties:
LITTLE GEM—Dwarf white, 6 in. high. Per pkt. 15c
PROCREANS—White, very dwarf. Trailing or
creeping in habit. Per pkt. 15c
LILAC QUEEN—A new dwarf variety. Per pkt. 15c
ANTIRRHINUM—(Snapdragons) One of the most popu-
lar flowers of the present day. Our strain of these
is exceedingly choice. Unexcelled for bedding or
cutting. We offer them to you in the following va-
rieties:
ANTIRRHINUM—Atroroseum—Coral red. Per pkt. 15c
ANTIRRHINUM—Cottagemaid—Dark pink, white
throat. Per pkt. 15c
ANTIRRHINUM—Fire Fly—Scarlet with white
throat. Per pkt. 15c
ANTIRRHINUM—Fairly Queen; orange salmon, white
throat. Per pkt. 15c
ANTIRRHINUM—Galathea—Orange with white throat. Per
pkt. 15c
ANTIRRHINUM—Golden King; deep sulphur
throat. Per pkt. 15c
ANTIRRHINUM—Purple King—Extra large purple white
throat. Per pkt. 15c
ANTIRRHINUM—Queen Victoria—pure white Per pkt. 15c
and extra large white throat. Per pkt. 15c
ANTIRRHINUM—Pink pearl; white ground; shaded peach
blossom. Per pkt. 15c
AQUELEGIA—(Columbine) Hybrids of *Covilleae*. A splen-
did strain of hybrids of the Mount St. Helens Mountain
Columbine. Includes all colors from yellow to
jet, pink, etc. Per pkt. 15c

ANNUAL HOLLYHOCKS—(Single.) Very free flowering;
Highly ornamental. All colors mixed. Per Pkg. 15c
CALENDULA—(POT-MARIGOLD)—Sow now for a fine
display by the end of March. The strain we offer
is of exceptional quality. Flowers perfectly double
and well formed. Per Pkt. 10c
ORANGE KING Per Pkt. 10c
METEORE Per Pkt. 10c
PRINCE OF ORANGE Per Pkt. 10c
MIXED ALL COLORS Per Pkt. 10c
CENTAUREA—NEW DOUBLE—A new flower
splendid for cutting. Rich, deep blue in color. Sow
now for late Spring blooming. Per pkt. 15c
DELPHINIUM—BLUE BUTTERFLY—A beautiful new
dwarf blue annual Larkspur. One of those deligh-
tful shades of light blue admired by everyone. Extra
choice. Long stem. Per Pkt. 10c
ESCHSCHOLZIA—(CALIFORNIA POPPY)—Giant yellow,
giant carmine or white. Per Pkt. 10c
ESCHSCHOLZIA—(CALIFORNIA POPPY)—H. & S.
NEW GIANT ORANGE SCARLET—A splendid va-
riety by way of color. Intensely rich orange scarlet
flowers, very large. Per Pkt. 15c
GEUM—H. & S. BRIDGES—A superb new
orange scarlet Geum. Flowers very large. One
of the best perennials of recent introduction. Per Pkt. 25c
HELICHRYSUM MONSTROSA—(EVERLASTING)—A
splendid strain of giant flowered varieties. We can
supply you with quantities of white, rose, carmine,
crimson for all colors mixed. Per Pkt. 10c

LARKSPUR—(Dwarf Mixed.) A superb strain in all
shades of color. Hardy, easily grown; fine for cut-
ting. Per Pkt. 10c
LARKSPUR—Shade Mixed—A superb strain in all
double flowered strains. Just the thing for tall bor-
ders. Splendid for cutting. All colors mixed. Per Pkt. 10c
LUPIN POLYPHYLLUS—NEW VERBENA. One of the
most beautiful and valuable garden plants. All colors
from pure white to pink, rose, purple, etc. Per Pkt. 10c
LUPIN POLYPHYLLUS—ROSEA. A new selected type
of the above. All colors. Per Pkt. 10c
SALPISGLOSIS—EMPEROR STRAIN—An unsurpassed
mixture of these now popular flowers. Sow at once
for early Summer blooming. Per Pkt. 15c
SCABIOUS—AZURE FAIRY—A new strain of blue
flowers. Long stem. Very free blooming. Unexcelled
for cutting purposes. Per pkt. 15c
SCABIOUS—BLACK PRINCE—Rich crimson maroon
flowers extra large. Very rich in color. Per pkt. 15c
SCABIOUS—WATKINS—A new strain of white flowers
all shades from pure white to darkest crimson. Early
grows. Will furnish an abundance of cut flowers
over a long period. Per Pkt. 15c
SEASIDE DANCY—A new strain of white flowers
all shades from pure white to darkest crimson. Early
grows. Will furnish an abundance of cut flowers
over a long period. Per Pkt. 15c
SENFLOWER—NEW RED—A remarkable break in the
forms of annual Senflowers. Extra large. All shades
from crimson brown, etc. Very showy. Per Pkt. 15c
VERBENA—H. & S. MAMMOTH MIXED—Careful
saved from our finest named varieties. Sow now
will come into bloom within ninety days and
supply you with an early display of mammoth
blossoms right up to winter. Per Pkt. 15c

We have one of the most complete and best equipped florist establishments in the West. Our stock is brought to the store fresh and crisp each morning from our extensive nurseries and conservatories at Montebello.

BELLIS PERENNIS — Giant English Daisies — A new strain with flowers over 1½ inches in diameter. Rose or white in separate colors or all colors mixed. **Per Pkt. 15c**

H. & S. PRIZE HOLLYHOCKS — A strain of unexcelled quality. Flowers perfectly double. Separate colors of purple, white, blood red, soft pink, rose or all colors mixed. **Per Pkt. 15c**

Howard & Smith
9th & OLIVE ST'S LOS ANGELES
NURSERIES, MONTEBELLO
MAIN 1745-10957



**To find out how to
have better bread
at a smaller cost,
fill in this coupon
and mail to**

(4) Send me your free pamphlet of bread recipes—and let me know how I can get the Bread Mixer at a small cost to myself.

Name

Address _____



Here is the bread mixer that takes the "ake" out of bake.

The Best
Is none too good for you

**Rich
Aromatic
Delicious**
and it never varies



Sample copies of the issue for October 14, 1918, will be sent free, upon request, to any address. It contains new and valuable information about Uncle Sam's commercial invasion of Latin America.

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Our Expansion in the Empire

"Land of the setting sun."

Los Angeles Times
Illustrated Weekly

(For "Scope, Objects and Aim" see page 31.)

Twentieth Year. Volume XL, No. 2.

Average Circulation in 1916: Gross, 103,608; net, 101,742 Copies Weekly.

LITTLE EDITORIALS.

If the street cars carried 35,000 persons from the Pacific Electric Depot to Pasadena for the Rose Tournament, it is safe to estimate that automobiles conveyed thrice that number to the big parade and football game.

Still the gold comes rolling in to America in payment for exports shipped to Europe. We have been told of slackness in new orders for some time past, but apparently the old orders still keep the movement going at a merry rate. The other day \$25,000,000 cash gold flowed into New York from Halifax, N. S.

An ill-advised individual paid \$500 for a dollar-making machine, which, of course, failed to work and would have been a swiftly detected fraud had it really been intended for operation. There is no occasion to buy a fake in Southern California for \$500 when that much money can soon be made to double itself by legitimate investment in many directions.

The winter snows in the Yosemite are breaking all records for abundance during the current winter. Early in January the snowfall had amounted to almost seven feet. This is good news for more than the farmers on the streams below the valley who will secure plenty of irrigation water during the coming summer. The snow also insures plenty of water on the big falls for the enjoyment of tourists during the coming summer. Bridal Veil will be a thick spray of water, Yosemite a torrent, and Nevada Falls a Niagara until late in the summer.

The restoration of villages, farm-houses and towns in war-wrecked Europe is going to require a mighty effort and take a good many years to accomplish. When Messina, Sicily, was destroyed by an earthquake, American money plunged in there and erected a village to shelter the homeless inhabitants. So we read that Mrs. William H. Crocker of San Francisco has furnished funds for the reconstruction of a village in France. These acts have done much to make America popular in Europe, as has that of our wonderful largess to the suffering people of Belgium and other people equally in need of help in many other countries of Europe.

Various reasons working through many years previous to the war have brought a species of race suicide in France. The Germans are prolific people and this has given them a great deal of their success in the war. France will have to renew her population after the struggle is over. The question is, "How?" By French manners in past times no French man or woman could marry without the consent of his parents, not though he was 40 years old. Then the double marriage, civil and ecclesiastic, has deterred many Frenchmen from entering into the marriage state. In order to encourage a higher birth rate these obstacles will have to be removed in France hereafter, where they are also proposing premiums for a higher birth rate in order to wipe out the ravages of the war as soon as possible.

Devoutly to be Wished.

HAT was inspiring news coming from the Vatican through Washington the other day which informed the world that Pope Benedict is to take up again the programme formulated by his great predecessor, Leo XIII, for the reunion of the Christian world. This is another outcome of the war which if realized would compensate for a great deal of the suffering undergone by people of the world on account of that bloody conflict.

We have never been among those who regarded heresy in religion as a very grievous sin, nor considered sects as an entirely detrimental feature in Christianity. It has seemed to us that the division of the church has created a good deal of emulation and made greatly for efficiency on the part of the great Christian bodies. At the same time there can be no dispute about the fact that the intention of the Founder of Christianity was that they should "be all one." The trouble with the oneness of Christianity in the minds of a great many of its professors has been that they have looked to a mechanical union rather than a spiritual or sympathetic one.

It has been an encouraging thing to Christians of all sects to notice the passing of the bigotry and bitterness which have marked too much the intercourse of the different Christian bodies. There are no more burnings for heresy, and we hear very little of lambasting from the pulpit of one denomination against professors or tenets of a different Christian body. There is more nearly a spiritual union of the churches today than at any other time since the council of Nicea met to form the Nicene creed. The gospel of Christianity has no such thing as a creed beyond the very simple one of faith in Christ. Creeds are largely a product of the Greek mind working on Christianity, and remind one very much of neo-Platonism, which although an eclectic philosophy was full of very fine-spun theories.

Go back to the first schism in historical Christianity, by which the Eastern or Greek church was separated from the Latin or Western church. It is incomprehensible to us of modern days that a split so important should have grown out of an event so very unimportant. It came from a phrase in the Apostles' Creed which seems to have been changed by the Latin church more by accident than by design. This dispute which has kept these two great Christian bodies separated for centuries is known as that of the "filioque." It was all about the descent of the Holy Spirit, the Greeks insisting that He comes from the Father through the Son, and the Latins teaching that He comes from the Father and Son equally. Now if anybody can find anything in the New Testament on this very moot point he will have to look long and take a microscope to scan the words, and then he will not find it.

As for the great Protestant Reformation of the sixteenth century, it was like every other great movement of the human mind—it went too far. There were many practices of the Latin church of that time that created bitter discussion between the doctors of that communion and the reformers which we know today are very negligible; for example, prayers for the dead. So with the Christian communion. The Latins hold transubstantiation. Luther taught consubstantiation, the Anglicans believe in the real presence and the unhistorical denominations make it a mere memorial of Christ's death. At heart they all mean the same thing, if they only could learn to know it.

To bring the churches together again will be a difficult task, in spite of the great liberalizing tendency of modern thought and the spread of science among the professors of Christianity.

At the same time it is not impossible, and may be brought about.

Money and Morals.

THE words money and morals link themselves quite naturally in the average human mind, but the impression conveyed is that the more money a man piles up the less do his morals pyramid on the other side of the scale.

Many of the very poor fancy that only the very rich can be very immoral. The ordinary man wants to get money enough to be wicked. He points with terrifying finger at what he calls the excesses of the rich. According to his computation a man with a million dollars can be a million times as immoral as the unfortunate gink with one lone-some bead. He feels that he is right because he has his own appetite to use as a measuring string. He knows that if he had the coveted million he would be as wild as they make 'em and yet he glares accusingly at the sins or selfishness of the rich.

He is unjust, not only to others but to himself.

Money of itself does not make or constitute immorality. There is nothing about the possession of money that would hinder one from being the cleanest little Rollo boy that ever took a bath. Sometimes in the hey-days of carelessness and inexperience youth will boast of the excesses it will indulge when wealth comes. When it does come this same individual is likely to be found the most sedate and proper of domesticated animals.

A great deal depends on the manner the money was acquired. Even the wild man of Borneo would conserve his wealth if he acquired it slowly by picking coconuts in the hot sun for twelve hours a day.

Money that is obtained quickly or without substantial consideration may lend itself easily to immoral uses. When a man has a bushel of money without any training in or conception of the responsibilities incident to its coming and going the results are apt to be unfortunate all around.

But there is no reason in money and morals being handcuffed together. A man's heart and conscience can be just as indecent on a dollar as on a million.

Man for man, the very rich are cleaner than those who flirt with poverty, nor would the general condition of the world be improved were their stations reversed.

You can be good without being either rich or poor, but it is unjust to stamp money as immoral when it leaves the mint.

On With the Danse Macabre.

ON THE surface the reply of the Entente Allies to the President's effort to bring the two parties of belligerents together to discuss peace seems to be in the nature of "on with the dance of death." We hope earnestly that this may not be so, and would like very much to be able to take the other view of the matter.

Of course there is no discounting the fact that both sides feel the crime of the war and are trying to throw it on the enemy. As we have said before, howitzers and other engines of war are not the only instruments entering into this bloody conflict. For some time past it has been a war of wits, each side trying to make the other responsible for the continuance of the war. It may be they are nearer ready to make peace than the Allies' reply indicates. God grant it may be so.

At the same time it may be, on the contrary, the purpose of both sides to go on with the war for another year at least. There is every reason to think that this is the purpose of the Entente Allies at least. Of course European diplomacy is 99 per cent. prevarication and deceit. They replied with great

cordiality to our President's plea for a peace conference, but this should not mislead us. Underneath there is a rank hostility to the President's movement as one likely to aid the Central Powers in their effort to make the continuance of the war appear the work of the other side.

The real trouble lies with the people in each nation struggling for mastery in the war. The war did not begin with the mobilization of the Russian and German armies in those last days of July two years and a half ago. The conflict has been smoldering in Europe for years, and no intelligent, sensible man is dupe to the idea that either side is struggling for humanitarian purposes. Greed lies at the root of the conflict in every nation engaged in the struggle. The secret diplomacy between the nations preceded the war for many years, and promises have been made to each of the Allies of territorial aggrandizement if they would only enter into the conflict against the Germanic nations. Russia has been promised Constantinople, France Alsace-Lorraine, Italy the Trentino, and so on to the end of the chapter. The people of these different nations have been fed up with the idea that the struggle would make each nation greater, richer and more powerful than before the war broke out. They have made terrific sacrifices for their national ambition, and to be denied the fruits of the war would be an awful bitter pill to all the people engaged in the conflict.

We must never forget that at the end of the Franco-Prussian war, nearly half a century ago, the disappointment in the minds of the French rankled with such madness that the Napoleonic empire was overthrown and the republic established in its place. To stop the war with every nation balked in its ambition might very well result in a similar shaking of every government engaged in the war.

This is what makes the peace proposition appear so diaphanous in the minds of many people. Of course nobody can tell how near any nation in the conflict is to exhaustion, either in men, money or food. They must all be getting near the bottom of the bin in all three of these elements that make the continuance of the war possible. Until the pinch of hunger is felt under the belts of the people of any nation they will not easily consent to any peace programme short of the realization of their ambition. Of course when hunger has reached the stomachs of a whole people, every other consideration is sacrificed to the one purpose of getting dinner for the day.

On Their Own Petard.

IT CERTAINLY looks as if the trainmen, Industrial Workers of the World, and all other aggregations of organized labor, had "dugged a pit and had fallen into it themselves." They hailed the Adamson law as a great victory for organized labor and would not listen to any remonstrance or warning from those who saw the pit for all labor in that cunningly-devised scheme of the trainmen not to get an eight-hour law, but to increase their pay.

To anybody with brains under his hat it was very plain that if Congress could fix hours of labor, fix wages and do other things of the same kind, it could take charge of the whole situation, enter into every dispute between labor and capital, between employer and employee, and settle the whole question out of hand. Even President Wilson, who yielded so weakly to the demands of the trainmen, either through cowardice in facing a strike or in ambition to re-elect himself by the votes of organized labor, saw the trap he had set and caught the labor-union people in the grip of a vise.

So Congress and the administration and the labor-union allies of these two forces at Washington are at their wits'

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2	Love, the Love, the Love, the Love	4	The Cult of California's Mountains	26	For the Good of the Good, Old-fashioned
3	Life in the Heart of Austin, Texas	5	The Family of Mary, the Virgin	27	California Land of the Good, Old-fashioned
4	New Language Learned by Americans	6	The Family of Mary, the Virgin	28	California Land of the Good, Old-fashioned
5	Constitution of a Homeowner	7	Outside and Inside of the Pan-American Museum	29	California Land of the Good, Old-fashioned
6	Junipero Serra, the Missionary	8	Monks of the Revolution of Peru	30	California Land of the Good, Old-fashioned
7	The Protestant that Spoke Romance	9	Monks of the Revolution of Peru	31	California Land of the Good, Old-fashioned
8	Recent Notable Caricatures	10	Monks of the Revolution of Peru	32	California Land of the Good, Old-fashioned
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(Indianapolis News.) The United States Geological Survey estimates the value of tar, ammonia and benzol products recovered in the course of other processes in munitions plants and by-product coke ovens in 1915 was nearly \$25,000,000. There were 237,400,000 gallons of tar valued at \$6,360,000 produced in the United States in 1915. Ammonium sulphate to the value of \$11,175,000 was recovered, and 16,000,857 gallons of benzol products valued at \$7,337,571.



THE human voice is a wonderful organ. It is unique in all creation. Listen to the fat Caruso bellowing like a bull of Bashan singing in his sonorous voice, "Caro Nome" from "Rigoletto," or better still, hear John McCormack in his soft, clear, beautiful tenor sing, "I hear you whisper, I love you." But better still hear the voice of a lady whisper these words in your own ear. Or if you will, hear Edith Helena sing in her clear, high, beautiful soprano, that simple Scotch ditty, "Coming Through the Rye." Yes, or listen to Harry Lauder as he chants, "Stop Your Tickling, Jack."

The living voice of you humans is marvelous in its effect on your own souls or on that of the lower animal creation. How quickly your dog learns to recognize the different tones of the human voice as his master scolds or commends him. And which of you has not heard the difference in the effect of a story recited by the living voice told in the most offhand, careless manner, compared with the same story written out with elaborate carefulness? Of course, the effect of the human voice depends on the earnestness of the speaker, and some one has put this into a very illuminating adage, "Words are a power if there is a man behind them."

Run your eye over history, and you will find a million great business men where you discover one great orator, a thousand men great in science for one distinguished as a speaker, and hundreds of great war captains for one eloquent man. Look at Greek history. How many generals that little peninsula produced, how many great painters, but

only one great orator. Among the Romans Cicero had many rivals, but Cicero stands alone as a great speaker in that race.

This effect of the living human voice is recognized by the greatest and wisest of all men. He whom millions of you regard as Emmanuel, or the God man. He did not trust his gospel to written page, but commissioned His Apostles to go out into all the world and preach the good tidings of salvation to every people. These were an exceedingly earnest body of men, although not highly educated as a rule, and the mere preaching of the word broke down ancient philosophies, tumbled gods from their pedestals, and literally transformed the world.

Preaching is a great privilege, surely, and ought to be exercised with great care and only practiced after careful study. The Eagle has a friend who years ago had a cousin who came over from Ireland and settled in a little factory village in New York. He had been raised in the Church of England, and after trying the two churches in the village, one Methodist, the other Dutch Reformed, he persisted in walking in fair weather and foul three miles to a village to attend a church of his own selection. Taxed with this by his neighbors, his answer was: "But you see, I do not like to go where one man does all the talking. I like to have a chance to jaw back."

Another story is told of a young preacher who wrote to an elderly one of much experience and of great fame as a preacher asking for advice as to how the young man should become a great preacher. The old fellow turned over the letter and wrote on the back of it, "Holler." Then came back the young fellow with the declaration that he knew that he had to speak loud, but asking for more particular instructions. And once more the old fellow turned over the page and wrote on the back of it, "Holler more." On the third application for instruction he performed the same act, writing, "Holler more and louder."

There is another story about a professor in a theological seminary instructing a class who quoted the scriptures to the effect that Christ would save the world through "the foolishness of preaching." And the wise old fellow said: "Now, gentlemen, remember

this does not mean foolish preaching."

This was wise advice, and necessary to many preachers. In spite of the great privilege given to the preacher, and in spite of the great importance of the office, a great many of them convert the "foolishness of preaching" into very foolish preaching. Your Eagle is a pretty good church-goer, and enjoys a good sermon. When he hears a man who does not perform the office properly, it is about as much as he can do to restrain himself from shrieking out at the top of his voice his disapproval. Your Eagle thinks that most foolish preaching comes from lack of proper preparation, which results in long discourses—that is long compared with the value of the stuff delivered.

On a recent Sunday your Eagle perched upon the Tabernacle of the Most High and heard a sermon, one-half of which was excellent and the other half about the worst case of foolish preaching he has heard in an age. The subject was the three Wise Men led by the star to Bethlehem to worship the infant Saviour. The preacher had given a little time and attention to the preparation of his discourse, and one-half of it, about fifteen minutes long, was excellent. Then the preacher began scattering, like an old sawed-off shotgun aimed to hit a rabbit which scattered all over the side of a barn and did no execution at all. He had failed to prepare himself thoroughly for his office, and the result was lamentable.

The discourse took a good half-hour to deliver, and ought to have been done in half the time. An actual analysis of the discourse would show that the preacher spent one-tenth of the thirty minutes in using the phrase, "Now, my dear friends," another tenth of the time in saying, "Now, it seems to me," and a third tenth in the vain repetition of the phrase, "And so I think." Here is ten minutes of the thirty actually wasted in these repetitions which meant nothing. The founder of this congregation who came to Los Angeles more than fifty years ago, the late Rev. Elias Birdsall, was a man noted for his short sermons. Twelve to fifteen minutes was the usual time spent by him on a Sunday morning in delivering

a discourse which had been thoroughly prepared. He spoke extemporaneously as the man did the other day, but he did not scatter nor wander, and never repeated a phrase once. He was known all over California as a most effective and forceful preacher, who in fifteen minutes at most, of a Sunday morning rubbed into the minds of his hearers a lesson on Christian duty or doctrine so indelibly that it remained for all time.

At the time of the English Reformation the nonconformists used to brand the Church of England clergymen as "dumb dogs," because they had to write out all their sermons. They were right to condemn this way of preaching, for although the written discourse is delivered viva voce it has not the effect of the discourse delivered right hot from the anvil of the mind where the thoughts are beaten out red-hot. It is a great gift or a great acquirement as the case may be, for any of you humans to be able to get up on your hind legs on a pulpit or a platform and deliver a discourse that is worth listening to. It is a performance only possible after thorough preparation, thinking over with great care what is to be said and then stopping at the right place. In this way there is no scattering, no repetition, no waste of time or breath.

The preacher criticised by the Eagle is a scholarly man who has quite a reputation as a preacher, and therefore there is the less excuse for his shabby performance when fifteen minutes' time was wasted on a congregation of 1000. Now that is some waste of time—1000 quarters of an hour—when you come to think of it. It is 250 hours, or a month of working days, each of ten hours. Another criticism the Eagle makes is the little training given to the voices of many preachers. The late Edwin Booth is said to have been able to draw tears from the eyes of an audience by repeating the Lord's Prayer.

Yours for the good of the cause,



THE LANCER
ONE meets piety in strange places. Our friend Bernard Shaw has just published an essay upon "Going to Church." Says he: "Any place where men dwell, village or city, is a reflection of the consciousness of every single man. In my consciousness there is a market, a dwelling, a workshop, a lover's walk—and above all a cathedral."

Poetically one cannot cavil with the picture. But somehow we feel that Bernard has not painted in all the essentials. There is no theater, no prosperous publisher, no socialist forum, no vegetarian restaurant. And these things are very much in Bernard's consciousness, as he has been at no pains to conceal. He declares that he loves the quiet little village and its church, and he turns the vial of his ferocious scorn upon the Pecksniff creations of brick and mortar known as city churches.

But Shaw's village, built to suit his real consciousness, would be an odd sort of a village. It certainly would not be quiet if Shaw lived in it. He may have a preference for quiet little old-fashioned churches by way of sharp contrast, since he says he attends them regularly, but he would certainly want a big theater and a first-class company to produce his plays next door.

And what sort of odd lovers would populate Bernard's lover's walk? Highly sophisticated, conversationally brilliant lovers with alarmingly cynical, socialistic views on all the questions of the day? Yet this gentleman is even recalling "the dark ages" as those of desirable piety to which it would be good for us to return. The essay smacks of the charm and gentleness of Elia, but alas, written by Shaw, it leaves us cold.

"In modern edifices you see how the intellect, finding its worshippers growing colder, has had to abandon its dignity and cut capers to attract attention, giving the grotesque, the eccentric, the baroque, even the profane and blasphemous, until finally it is snubbed out of its vulgar attempts at self-assertion." That was not written about Mr. Shaw, but by him about modern churches! How his versatile intellect does anticipate our thoughts regarding him at times, and misapply our criticism!

"Everyman."

A morality play, served with Ballet Russe sauce, was "Everyman." A brilliant publicity campaign to make death popular. A nasty knock against friendship, whose counsels are shown as always selfish. A libel on the dear old earth and humanity. Ann Andrews as Paramour, depicted a queenly young person of fine dignity and unimpeachable manners. Mothers impersonated as mournful pessimists of pious gloom. Debtors exemplified as all poor and wretched and excusable. Everyman as wealthy, paltry, selfish but conscience-stricken.

A clever picture, yes. Artistic, oh, yes. But moral, no. Nor symbolical of life as we know it. Everyman would better be personated as neither poor nor rich, neither hard-hearted nor sentimental, but each by turns in spasms. He is a rare man who could show the adamant callousness of the Everyman of the play. The colors were laid on too thick for a sense of reality, so the lesson is lost. So few of us are ever as rich and glorious as that Everyman, and you could never make us believe we would act like that if we were. It was a morality play directed only against the very rich. The audience felt safely outside the arguments. And Labor, depicted as a humble, pleading gentleman who refrains from striking, scarcely accorded with our feeling toward the Poor Brotherhoods and their threats on the highest paid wages in the country. Labor, forgiving, understanding, sympathetic—it did not ring true.

All the same that isn't why the vast army of clubwomen, who perpetually crave for the higher drama, who yearn plaintively for a more dignified degree of Art in the theater, who deplore their inability to support "trash," did not flock to fill up the empty seats at the Trinity Auditorium. Before the opening they had given the venture their

blessing. Whole blocks of seats were to be purchased by the various clubs, and it was heralded as the advent of worth-while dramatic production from many a platform. Yet if a hundred ardent lady literary and dramatic culturists visited the play, I should be surprised. There were two in the house the night I went.

Elevating Our Tastes.

There seems to be a very general agreement in cultured circles that our tastes in the drama and music and art need elevating. Los Angeles is not different from most other cities in this respect. They all have their priesthoods of the higher culture. But there appears to be a disconcerting difference between theory and practice. The melodramatic movies, the vaudeville show, the hurdy-gurdy music and the cheap art continue to thrive and the professional elevators to be behind with their monthly payments. We announce a preference for highbrow culture for our credit's sake—but we hate paying for it. As a subject of light well-bred conversation, the Little Theater, the Symphony Orchestra, the art exhibitions, Ballet Russe and Everyman, prove eminently praiseworthy—and we just dote on entertaining the professional elevators as guests of honor at parties. Like Christianity, we accord them our approval and our blessing, but we don't necessarily attend church regularly.

Los Angeles is simply permeated with lofty elevators intent upon improving our tastes. Heroically they have chosen this thankless profession, relying upon our professed yearnings. But somehow we consistently fail them. No doubt we consider that culture and Christianity should both be free. Virtue should be its own reward. But all the same, we wouldn't miss a new film by Charlie Chaplin for anything. We evidently don't really like being elevated. We will pay to see Charlie, but we expect complimentary seats at a really high-class entertainment, otherwise we'll stay home and play bridge.

The people who conscientiously provide us with "really good music," with "the finest in art," with "intellectual drama," with culture de luxe, all have a mournful tale to tell. They are, they say, casting their pearls before swine, yet they go nowhere where their special line of culture is not apparently rapturously appreciated. They are overwhelmed with complimentary encourage-

ment, which is inexpensive and unexacting. Most any hostess will invite them to give a free performance of enlightenment for her guests. Most any club will entertain them at luncheon and applaud their "few remarks."

Of course, we are not, but we seem like a hopeless lot of culture fakers. We will pay for food, shocks and giggles, but we positively won't pay to be elevated—not if we can help it. We are like those grateful inhabitants of old who decided to present their pastor with a cask of wine, each contributing his beakful from his harvest. It was found to contain nothing but water when presented. Each inhabitant had felt that one beakful of water would not be noticed in so many gallons!

Corporal Punishment.

A domestic magazine has opened up a correspondence on the desirability of corporal punishment for the young. The letters are naively autobiographical. The adult who was brought up on corporal chastisement, points out with satisfaction how great a boon it was in forming his present satisfactory character, while he who was reared spankless is equally assured that his sweet disposition and fine character are the result of parental abstinence.

We simply yearn to come to a definite decision on this great subject. If only we could see the writers of those opinions and decide for ourselves! Their personal satisfaction with their personal well-being and spiritual perfection is encouraging, both ways. But how do they stand with the neighbors?

"Look what it did for me," is the burden of their arguments either way—and sometimes it is merciful how little they appreciate what it did for them.

But most fond mothers nowadays have settled the question for themselves. It is obvious that the neighbor's children ought to be spanked, but their own darlings don't need it.

One thing I do know. I was consistently spanked as a child for imaginative untruthfulness—and here I am earning my living as a journalist. And some people regard me as unpleasantly truthful today, while others find me quite as entertainingly untruthful.

[London Opinion:] "And have you lived here all your life?"
"No, mam, not yet!"

THE HUMAN BODY: ITS CARE, USE AND ABUSE.

Aids to Good Health. By a Medical Man.

"HOME, SWEET HOME." BY A HOUSEKEEPER.

For Wife, Mother, Daughter and Maid.

IN THE LAUNDRY.

Starching Colored Clothes. [Good Housekeeping:] While considering the process of starching colored clothes, it is well to consider the question of setting colors. Salt is most often used in the dye-house to set the dye, and while there are other agents that seem of special service for individual colors, salt seems to be the one most efficient for home use. A proportion is hard to give, because what stops the "bleeding" in one case may not be enough for setting in another. Use only enough water to wet the garment thoroughly, and to this amount of water add salt until the bleeding stops. This may be as much as one-half cupful to two cupfuls of salt. The setting is usually done before the washing, but a fresh quantity of salt and water will often brighten the color if used as one of the last rinses.

When "Bleeding" is Excessive. In a case where this bleeding is excessive, it would be wise to do away with soap, and wash the garment in soapbark or starch water. Prepare soapbark solution by simmering one cupful of soapbark or the powder, which is cheaper, with four cupfuls of cold water. Strain off the liquor, and use it in the wash water, as soap solution is used. Bran water or starch water may be used as a substitute for soapbark, especially with colored cottons and linens, using the same proportion of bran as of soapbark, and following the starch recipe in preparing the starch water. Just here the suggestion may be made that if a white linen dress is to have colored linen collars and cuffs, the linen should have its color thoroughly set, and if necessary should be washed with soap before the dress is made, until the color remains permanent.

THE HOME PHYSICIAN.

Treatment of Constipation. [Ladies' World:] Milk, which in its fresh state is not inclined to produce constipation, may easily do so after it is boiled. In this case it is not sufficient to give a mild laxative to the child, but the cause of the difficulty must be removed. Hence the home treatment of constipation should be merely palliative, and if the condition persists, no time should be lost in calling a physician to determine the cause of the trouble. But frequently home remedies are advisable for affording temporary relief. In the choice of a cathartic, great care must be exercised, for there are hundreds of laxatives on the market, secret preparations, any one of which may contain one or more of the well-known laxatives sold at a greatly inflated price or containing some dangerous medicament. Safe Laxatives.

The common laxatives which are kept in the house are castor oil, milk of magnesia, Epsom salts (sulfate of magnesia), preparations of senna and cascara, and phenolphthalein. The mineral laxatives, with the exception of milk of magnesia, I do not recommend. Milk of magnesia is perhaps one of the best laxatives for infants and very young children. For older children, between the ages of 3 and 10, in my opinion, castor oil is the very best laxative that can be administered. These children should not have either Epsom salts, phenolphthalein, or preparations of senna and cascara. The bottle of castor oil and the bottle of milk of magnesia are therefore the only proper laxatives in the mother's drug store.

YOUR PHYSICAL WELFARE.

Cushion of Dried Herbs. [St. Paul Pioneer Press:] Sofa cushions filled with a stuffing largely composed of dried herbs of various kinds are now being sold as a cure for nerves. It is claimed that the sweet scents induce pleasant thoughts and that the sufferer, being freed from worry, falls asleep, sleeps soundly and peacefully and so soon regains a normal nerve tone. Ease Eyes While Working. When doing fine crocheting my eyes gave

me severe trouble especially when following a flat pattern. Now I put a green denim cushion on my lap and the pattern on that. The soft green is restful to the eyes and nerves and the cushion brings the pattern within easy range of the eyes.

LITTLE HOME ECONOMIES.

Save Bones for Soup. [Philadelphia Press:] If one has a small family and bones for soup collect slowly, bake them in a hot oven for half an hour, scrape every bit of fat or juice that escapes from them into a jar, and set the bones away in the refrigerator. Even in the hottest weather, the baked bones will keep for a week. The soup will be all the richer because the bones are baked. "Dazzling" Dish from Scraps.

Our recipe for utilizing small scraps of cold meat, including sausage and bacon, is dazzling, not only for its originality, but for its success. We make a smooth porridge of corn meal, season it with salt and a little pepper or paprika, add the shredded bits of cold meat, pour into a mold until firm, then cut into slices and fry. As a piquant breakfast dish, it is unique.

THE CHICKEN DINNER.

Preparing the Fowl. [Modern Priscilla:] The fowl being carefully plucked and singed must next be drawn. To do this cut off the head, leaving about four inches of the neck, slit the skin down the back of the neck and loosen it completely all around. Separate the gullet and follow it with the fingers, passing them all around where it enters the body, so as to loosen the crop, which can then be pulled out whole with its contents, merely by laying hold of the gullet with a cloth to prevent it from slipping. Then cut the neck off quite close to the body, leaving the flap of skin on. With the point of a sharp knife make a short crosswise slit, just beneath the tail of the bird, taking care in doing so, however, not to wound the intestines. Into this slit put one finger as far as it will go, and pass it round close to the breastbone and backbone, so as to break through the attachments which hold the internal organs in place. Enlarge the hole then, if necessary, enough to admit two fingers, and between these lay hold of the gizzard, the large hard mass which will usually be found laying just beneath the point of the breastbone. Draw this out first, and then, by pulling gently but firmly, all the rest will follow together, after which the body should be washed or wiped out.

When Drawing the Fowl. The two special things to be avoided in cleaning a bird or animal are: Wounding the intestines, and breaking the gall bladder which will be found attached to the liver, and if broken while inside the creature, will give to the whole a bitter taste.

MAKE OLD THINGS NEW.

Cleaning Rusted Nickel. [Dallas News:] First smear the rusted place with grease and rub it well in; this in itself will frequently remove a great deal of the rust. Allow the grease to remain for several hours and then remove it with a rag which has been dipped in ammonia. This usually will remove all traces of the rust. If, however, a stubborn spot or two remains wipe it with a little diluted hydrochloric acid. The acid should be used very quickly and with care, otherwise it will remove the nickel as well as the rust. When all the rust has disappeared wash thoroughly with clean water, and then use a metal polish.

To Renovate Leather. Housekeeper asks how to renovate a rubbed leather suit, of which the leather is very dry. Wash the leather well with warm water and a little soap, then sponge over with warm water to remove all trace of soap. Do not wipe dry, but let a good deal of the water sink in until the leather seems fairly damp, then rub in neatfoot oil until the leather will not absorb any more. Wipe

the surface clean, and leave the suit for a day. Then apply a good leather dressing, obtainable from the harness maker.

CARE OF THE SKIN.

Campher Ice. [Buffalo News:] For either chapped hands, lips or complexion the very best and quickest remedy is campher ice. The campher is very healing. Two or three applications of the ice will bring immediate relief, whereas it may be necessary to use cold cream for a week or more without very good results. Apply the campher ice at night, before retiring, to the afflicted portions, rubbing it well into the skin. If the hands are badly chapped, the campher ice should be applied generously and rubbed into the skin; then a good coating of talcum powder should be sprinkled on. After this draw on a pair of loose old gloves and sleep with the hands encased in them. One or two applications of this kind will do away with all roughness. For Chapped Hands. Equal parts of turpentine, sweet oil and beeswax; melt the oil and wax together and when a little cool, add the turpentine, and stir until cool, to keep them evenly mixed. Apply with a thin linen cloth.

WINTERTIME GOODIES.

Pink Holiday Rock. [Woman's Home Companion:] Dissolve two cupfuls of sugar in three-fourths cupful of water, stirring all the time; then add one-fourth teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and boil without stirring to 253 deg. Fahr., or until it forms a hard ball when tried in cold water. Add one teaspoonful of rose-extract, color pink with a few drops of red color, and pour into a large oiled platter. As soon as it cools a little, turn the corners and sides into the center with a buttered knife, to insure even cooling. When cool enough to handle, dust the fingers with sugar or rub them with oil and pull the candy for about fifteen minutes, or until it turns dull. Pull it into strips and cut into the required length with buttered scissors. Place on waxed paper on a board or tray and lay aside in a warm room for a day or two until it becomes powdery and granulated in the center. Pack in airtight tins. Striped Creams. Take three pieces of uncooked or cooked fondant cream, flavor one with chocolate, one with lemon-juice, and one with vanilla-extract, and color suitably. Form the pieces into long thin strips on a slab or board, lay one over the other, cut into neat squares with a sharp knife, and place on waxed paper to harden. Other colors and flavors may also be used, provided the contrast is suitable.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

[New York Evening Telegram:] For dust stained alabaster ornaments a paste of whiting, soap and milk is the best. The paste must be left to dry on, and then washed away, the surface being first dried with a cloth and then with a flannel. To clean saucepans thoroughly after cooking oatmeal, fill them with boiling water, empty and then fill with cold water, and the oatmeal will almost fall away from the sides of the saucepan. When shaking heavy rugs hold by the sides. If possible, spread them wrong side up on the grass and beat to dislodge the dirt, then brush off and hang up to air. To remove the skins of tomatoes, rub them all over with the back of a knife to loosen the skins before peeling. This is better than scalding them. To keep mice away—one of the simplest and at the same time most effective methods is to place lumps of campher in the cellar or cupboard they infest.

HEARTSEASE.

Meet Life Fearlessly. [Emerson:] O friend, never strike sail to a fear. Come into port greatly, or sail with God the seas. Not in vain you live.

for every passing eye is cheated and snared by the vision. The True Life.

Do the work that's nearest, Though it's dull at times, Helping when we meet them Lame dogs over stiles; See in every hedgerow Marks of angels' feet, Epics in every pebble Underneath our feet. —[Charles Kingsley.]

Inside Information.

[Manchester Guardian:] The lady bank clerk had completed her first week and a friend asked her how she liked the work. "Oh, it's beautiful!" said the girl. "I'm at a branch where nearly all the people we know have accounts, and it's so nice to see how little money some of your friends have in the bank!"

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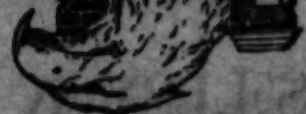
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only one great error. Among the Romans this does not mean foolish preaching. Caesar had many friends, but Cicero stands alone as a great speaker in that race. The effect of the living human voice is recognized by the greatest and wisest of all men. He whom millions of you regard as a great man of the great importance of all things given to the preacher, and in many preachers. In spite of the great man did the other day, but he did not speak. He spoke extemporaneously as the discourse which had been thoroughly prepared in advance and forcedly prepared. [Saturday, The Illustrated Weekly Magazine]



LOWER CALIFORNIA'S LONELY WASTES.

A Miniture Sahara. By L. Worthington Green.

IN THESE days of the universal globe-trotter few corners of the earth escape intimate description. No mountain is too high to be climbed and no forest too dense to be threaded. Perhaps the most potent barrier to invasion is dearth of water and right at our door is a little strip of country that possesses so many of the attributes of a real desert that it frowns away nearly every intruder. We know all about such places as Death Valley, for no desert, certainly one, that is not big, can remain inviolate, if it be surrounded by passable country, as Death Valley is. But this waste of which I shall speak has salt water on one side and sufficiently difficult mountains on the other, and it is not at all easy to even get there. It is on the eastern side of Lower California, about half-way down the peninsula.

The entire middle section of Lower California might be called a desert; it is almost uninhabited, its rainfall is just about naught, and its springs of water, nearly all very small, could be told off on the fingers. But the western part of that section is made tolerable by the trade winds from the Pacific, and it is only the eastern part that adds to its other qualifications those of a torrid sun and breathless atmosphere.

No official road crosses this middle section; the mail goes from Escondido down to Santa Catarina, and comes up from Santa Rosalia in the south as far as Calmali, leaving a broad strip of untraversed country. Natives who must travel up or down make use of two main saddle trails; one trail passes west of the center and is called the coast road, though it nowhere approaches the Pacific; the other goes to the east and is called the mountain road, and that is the one which crosses the real desert. Leaving San Fernando, if one goes with burros, he will travel eleven or twelve days without seeing an inhabited place, and probably, as I did, without meeting a person. Before he gets through he will long, not for the flesh pots of Egypt, though they would not come amiss as a change from beans and baking powder biscuit, but for a drink of sweet water.

There is not much water of any kind, and what there is is most unnecessarily bad, with a great variety of badness. Some of it is so nauseous that coffee made from it is almost undrinkable, though tea made of the same water may be swallowed with a great degree of comfort. At San Francisco the water is so salt that if one were set down there blindfold he would be sure he was drinking from the ocean itself. At Calamog there is a choice; the worst is

indescribable, and the best is so impregnated with soda that it will cook beans tender in an hour, and with the addition of a little citric acid makes a sparkling drink. At Agua Amarga, the name tells the story, bitter water, so bitter that the animals, after two days without drinking, almost decided to endure another dry day rather than imbibe it.

One watering place is the Tinajas of Uval in a granite canyon. There one must dig down through many feet of loose sand that has drifted in to reach the water in the rock basins, and then it is such a disappointment. One would imagine that water preserved in natural bowls of rock must be delicious, but during the months, and perhaps years, since the last rain, it has absorbed all the vile flavors of the varied drift washed in with the torrent that filled the basins.

Uval is full of interest. When Lower California supported thousands of Indians it was a populous place. The granite sides of the canyon are honeycombed and each little cavern possesses its tenants.

In the sand below the caverns and about the tinajas are to be found flint arrow-points and knives. One point I picked up was the smallest I ever saw, barely an inch long and scarcely larger than a darning needle, and yet, though so minute, in perfect condition.

Other tinajas quite as famous are those of Beneco, named for a man who died in one of the caverns in recent years, and whose wrath is supposed to render the locality uncanny, though why one modern fatality should bestow such a reputation seems strange, when during former times there must have been hundreds of deaths at any one of these tinajas. However, as Beneco is the only water that is at all permanent in a stretch of 100 miles of road, its ghostly inhabitant does not keep travelers away.

Another tinaja, the largest and finest that I ever saw, is in a narrow canyon and is of clean rock without any encumbering sand. It is thirty feet across and deeper than the longest pole I could find, which was about eighteen feet. As the canyon is so narrow that the sun never reaches the water, one cannot imagine such a tinaja ever going dry.

The water, moreover, is sweet and delicious, and altogether it is an ideal natural reservoir. Tinajas are the main points of interest in the desert, and in traveling through one searches for them instead of for streams or springs. Indeed, the traveler who expended his energies in looking for

flowing water would surely be lost. Tinajas, too, are usually difficult to find, those that are buried beneath drifting sand would be easily passed did not the animals turn dug up. The last tinaja mentioned, for in to them and wait for the water to be which I never knew a name, was indicated by a small monument of loose rocks piled by the side of the trail at the mouth of its canyon, a canyon so narrow as to be only a slit in the mountain side.

To fully appreciate a desert one should cross it afoot; it matters not whether he started out that way, the same purpose will be served if some of his pack animals give out and he is obliged to pack his saddle animal. Then it should be hot, very sandy, and a long time between drinks. These conditions seem to be imperative in the formation of a true desert, and all of them obtain here. One is either toiling across a sandy plain, or climbing over a rocky mountain, and he is pretty sure to be a long distance from water.

Dry camps are a common occurrence, and as the animals become poorer and weaker from lack of water and scanty feed, one will miss his reckoning of distance and sometimes one dry camp will be succeeded by another, and then he will find that he has very little water to drink and not any for cooking, and he will skip a couple of meals. At such times one must forego ablutions, which at the best are perfunctory, and substitute a dry wash with a bit of gunny-sack to remove the pot-black and sand.

But if water is scarce under-foot, it is also scarce overhead, and one need bother very little about rain. When it does come, however, one should not let it find him in the bed of a canyon, for the accumulated moisture of years will probably descend all at once and all in one spot. As the mountains are precipitous and utterly bare of trees, and the canyons are deep and perpendicular, a very respectable flood may result in a few minutes.

There is one ranch in this desolation, San Luis, but it is some ten miles to one side of the road, and one who is not informed would never suspect its existence. In a rocky rincón wells a spring of most excellent water, which has always been sufficient for two or three hundred head of cattle. The spot is a veritable oasis, where grass along the stretch of the canyon springs up as if by magic and shrubs remain green beyond a seeming possibility. The cattle of the ranch prove that, with an abundance of sweet water, animals may maintain a fairly good condition by brows-

ing on desert shrubs, for on the surrounding mountains there is no grass whatever. There are, however, other growths besides shrubs, notably the mesquite, upon which cattle feed.

If the animals can find a place for their muzzle between the sharp spines of the mesquite they greedily eat the rich heart. Many miles of desert plain, though it may furnish no feed for stock, presents the appearance of a dense forest devoid of foliage, with its giant cardon, towering and tapering cirio and ocotillo, garambullo and pitilla.

Going in from the main road, just before reaching San Luis, the trail passes over a bare hill which is strewn thick with huge granite boulders and winding between those the traveler suddenly looks down upon a clump of feathery palms clustered about the water, a most grateful sight after many miles of sand and rocks.

For the most part in the desert there is no grass, horses and burros living on the branches of a small leafless tree called dipua.

Surrounding Calmali these branches are lopped off, made into bundles and packed to the mining camp on the backs of burros from a distance of ten or fifteen miles. The ability of animals to support life on dipua is, however, an acquired art, for animals that are taken into the region from God's country at first refuse it, and can only be induced to eat it by the bitter force of starvation. Yet it was on the border of this desert where I saw the most beautiful floral display that I ever witnessed; miles of glorious white lilies, the desert amaryllis, frequently showing as many as fifteen superb flowers on one spike. The bulbs were very deep in the ground, usually about one foot below the surface, and from the growth displayed must have found abundant moisture, though it had probably been many months since rain fell. The flowers gave out a delicious fragrance and were quite as large and fine as the Easter lily furnished by our florists. It was an excellent example of the wonderful surprises and contradictions presented by the desert. Often where it seems as though nothing could possibly grow, there will appear in the spring, as if by magic, beautiful flowers of varied hues, though usually there will be displayed only a flower stalk, with very little embellishment of leaves, for nature, in such places of stress, hoards her energies to the extreme, and expends none of them on appendages that are not absolutely necessary to the perpetuation of the plant.

Japan's Corals.

ATTEMPT TO BE MADE TO SUPPLANT ITALY IN WORLD'S MARKETS.

[Argonaut:] The coral industry of Japan has received a strong stimulus from the European war. Previously the country exported about half of its crude coral to Italy, where there was a steady demand for it on account of the practical exhaustion of the coral beds in the Mediterranean. Skilled Italian workmen carved the coral into the various forms demanded by the fashions and tastes of the Occident. As Italian-carved coral it was sold through Dutch distributors to the whole world. The Italian dominance in the coral industry has been due to priority in the field and to a knowledge of the styles of carving in demand among Occidental buyers. Japan has been handicapped, not by a lack of skill in carving (for it is in the domain of small carvings that Japan has been recognized as supreme,) but by failure to have an up-to-date knowledge of Occidental fashions and tastes. It was only necessary to teach artisans already skilled in carving ivory and wood to work with a new medium. But the Japanese have not ventured to produce any manufactured coral except what was suited for sale in the home market. This has been practically limited to beads and netsuke (small buttons used as ornaments on the strings of tobacco pouches.) The beads are of all sizes and are sold in strings of three or four inches in length, as hair ornaments for women. In the manufacture of coral beads the Japanese are recognized as the equals if not the superiors of the Italian workmen.

A realization of the opportunity created by the war for Japan to take the place of Italy in the production of carved coral has led the Japanese government, through the marine experiment stations, to undertake the training of artisans in the carving of coral for sale in Europe and America. The coral beds are worked by divers in the employ of a master diver, who receives the take as it comes in, grades it, and when a sufficient amount has been obtained, asks for bids on the lots of each grade. Representatives of the leading exporting and wholesale firms are always at hand during the season the best coral is taken, to inspect the take and proffer bids. The total annual take is about 65,000 pounds, valued at \$700,000. The color of the coral has a great deal to do with the value placed upon it. The most expensive is "boko," a pale quince color. Single beads of this color, suitable for manufacture into ornamental hairpins, bring from \$10 to \$50 each. The next color in value is pink, followed by white, light red and dark red.

New Year Custom in China.

[The Argonaut:] The Chinese have a custom of celebrating the advent of New Year's, either by paying off old debts, or, if they are creditors and the debtor is unable to pay, then by cancelling the debt. Thus the new year begins with a clean slate. Communities are all alike in many respects and the problem of Waukon is the problem of a thousand others. We have too many unpaid accounts on our books. Why not profit by the Waukon idea and have a pay-up week the country over, when the slate shall be wiped clean and the new year started free of debt?

A Scientific Mystery.

[New York World:] Fireflies flashing in unison were observed by Edward S. Morse fifty years ago, and since then he has been trying to find some confirmation of his observations, but in vain until a few weeks ago, when Prof. E. B. Poulton of Bedford sent him a proof sheet of a book he is editing entitled "A Naturalist in Borneo," by the late R. Sheldoff. Mr. Morse sends an extract from this to Science:

"On the opposite bank was a small tree growing close to the water's edge, which was covered with thousands of fireflies, small beetles of the family lampyridae, and I observed that the light emitted by these little creatures pulsated in a regular synchronous rhythm, so that at one moment the tree would be one blaze of light, while at another the light would be dim and uncertain. This concerted action of thousands of insects is very remarkable and not very easy of explanation.

"Another instance of it was mentioned by Cox. Certain ants that are found very frequently proceeding in columns along the floor of the jungle, when alarmed, knock their heads against the leaves or dead sticks which they happen to be traversing. Every member of a community makes the necessary movement at the same time, and as the movements are rapid a distinct loud rattling sound is heard. In this case the action is probably a danger signal, and we can understand—thereoretically, at any rate—how it was brought about. But the value to the species of the rhythmic-light pulsation of the fireflies is not obvious, and as it is doubtful if the emission of phosphorescent light is under the control of the insect, or is merely a simple automatic process of metab-

olism, its synchronism is a most puzzling fact."

And Dr. Herman C. Bumpus wrote Mr. Morse that years ago in riding from Falmouth to Woods Hole his attention was arrested by noticing in a field along the road a large number of fireless flashing synchronously.

The Successful Boy.

[Philadelphia Public Ledger:] Just fifty years ago a boy walked into the office of a leading Philadelphia private banker and asked for a job. He got it and with it a salary of \$16 a month.

As he puts it today, "I wanted to make a little money," and I betray no confidence of the income tax collector when I say that he has made it—even unto several times a little.

The distance from newest office boy in a flourishing bank to senior partner in the firm of J. P. Morgan and the head of Drexel is very great, but Edward T. Stotesbury covered that gulf in the even half century which has now elapsed since he entered the employ of Drexels.

I say senior partner in the Morgan firm because since the elder Morgan died Mr. Stotesbury's membership in the firm is of longer duration than that of any other partner.

What made that boy advance more rapidly than other lads who fifty years ago found a new job in Philadelphia? I heard Mr. Stotesbury answer that question himself. He said he was promoted as a youth because he always knew a little bit more than the particular job he was holding called for.

You would be Stotesbury's of 1866 hearken to that suggestion and go profit by it!

Aids to Good Health. By a Medical Man.

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Kotzebue and the Kobuk. By Frank G. Carpenter.

cession, while for a part of the winter his home is almost shrouded in darkness.

A Birdseye View.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

NOME (Alaska.)

THIS letter relates to Kotzebue and the Kobuk. It deals with arctic Alaska, that vast area which lies between the Arctic Circle and the Arctic

cession, while for a part of the winter his home is almost shrouded in darkness.

A Birdseye View.

But before I give the gist of these interviews let us take a birds-eye view of the country to which they relate. Arctic Alaska comprises about one-fourth of the territory. It is almost half the size of Texas, more than twice the size of Illinois, and three times the size of Ohio, Virginia or Kentucky. If you could lift it up and drop it down upon Europe it would more than cover the half of France, Germany or the Spanish peninsula, and it would entirely hide the British Isles with its blanket of snow.

Arctic Alaska may be said to begin a little south of Bering Strait and to run from there eastward to the Canadian boundary, and northward to the Arctic Ocean. The country comprises some parts of the northern watershed of the Yukon and it includes the Rocky Mountain system, which, extending from the United States through Canada

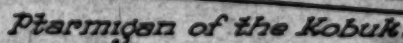
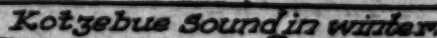
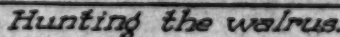
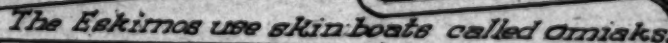
than any other under the American flag. It has a few white men living along Kotzebue Sound and on the banks of the Kobuk River, and there are, all told, perhaps three or four thousand Eskimos. The Eskimos are scattered along the Arctic Ocean in little settlements, the largest of which have only three or four hundred souls. There are several Eskimo villages in the interior. The government has established schools at nearly all of these settlements and many of the Eskimos are growing rich in the raising of reindeer. They also hunt walrus for their ivory tusks, which they sell to taders, and they deal largely in furs.

One of the chief trading stations is at Kotzebue Sound. The white men in charge there tell me that they have during the summer 500 native families living in canvas tents, and that the Eskimos come in by sea from as far north as Point Barrow. They use great skin boats, called omiaks, which are five or six feet in width and

of the largest rivers of Northern Alaska. One is the Kobuk, which is six or seven hundred miles long; another, the Noatak, which is almost as large, and a third is the Selawik, which is more than half the length of the Kobuk. The port is an open roadstead, but there is good shelter for ships, except when the south wind blows."

"It is little more than a trading station. It has a store and a fish cannery. The chief industry is the fisheries, the Eskimos coming from long distances to catch and dry their supply of fish for the winter.

"Yes. They are caught in the icebergs and are fine and fat. Owing to the intense cold, they have a coat of blubber between the skin and the flesh. We have a great many salmon, and also speckled trout and Dolly Varden trout. Our cannery has a capacity of 15,000 cans per annum, and it has been shipping salmon and salmon trout for



Ocean. It treats of one of the least known countries of the world and one of the strangest. My information concerning it comes from talks with its prospectors and explorers, who have drifted to Nome for their winter supplies, and with the miners and traders who live there and who have taken advantage of open navigation to pay their annual summer visit to this metropolis of the North. Last night, for instance, I had a long talk with a man who has a store and trading station on Kotzebue Sound, and during my stay I have had several interviews with Judge M. F. Moran, who represents our farthest north in the Legislature of Alaska. He lives so far away from Juneau, the capital, that his mileage allowance is \$300. His home is at Shungnak, on the Kobuk River above the Arctic Circle, and so far north that during the summer he has broad daylight for three months in suc-

runs almost to the western end of Alaska. This range in Alaska is nearly 100 miles wide, and it slopes down into the plains which border the Arctic Ocean. The mountains are a mile and a half high where the range leaves Canada, and they fall to the height of the Alleghenies, or lower, on their way westward.

The coastal plains are a part of the tundra belt that encircles the Arctic Ocean. Much of the ground is low and swampy. It has great lagoons and morasses and many slow-flowing rivers. The plains are covered with moss, upon which the Eskimos graze their reindeer. There is practically no timber, except the stunted trees in the mountains and the alders and willows that grow along the banks of the streams.

Most Sparsely Populated

The vast country has less population

thirty feet long. Such boats will carry from five to eight tons. They have square sails and are propelled also by paddles.

The natives bring with them the furs they have caught in the winter and trade them for calicos, gingham and other cloth. They buy all kinds of hardware and especially needles for the sewing of parkas and mukluks. They want the best of guns, knives and hatchets. They buy canned foods of various kinds and even stoves and window glass to take back to their homes. One reason for their coming to Kotzebue is to catch salmon, the winter food supply for themselves and their dogs.

Big Rivers There

I asked the trader to tell me something as to the character of Kotzebue Sound. He replied:

"It is a great bay, into which flow some

four or five years. The salmon is of a light color and it does not bring so much for that reason. But to offset this we have the Dolly Varden trout, which reaches a weight of ten or fifteen pounds and a length of three feet. The trout are especially fine. They are caught in abundance when running and the output of the cannery might be greatly increased."

Fartherest North Homestead

One of the best authorities on Kotzebue Sound and the Kobuk River is Judge M. F. Moran, who lives on the Kobuk two or three hundred miles from the sound. He said:

"It is 3000 miles from Seattle to Kotzebue, and the steamers make regular sailings there every July and August. There are small steamers on the Kobuk and goods are carried up that stream into the heart of the Territory. I live in the Kobuk Valley

MAKING THE CITY AND HOME BEAUTIFUL. Gardens, Streets, Parks, Lakes. By Ernest Brunton.

THE POULTRYMEN'S CLEARANCE HOUSE.

Lessons of the Poultry Show. By Henry W. Kruckeberg.

Echoes from the Show.

THE late poultry show of the Breeders' Association was indeed a fortunate affair. The weather during the week was superb; the exhibition room large and well lighted; the exhibits, though not so strong numerically as on previous occasions, were nevertheless great in variety of breeds cooped as well as in the quality of the birds; the attendance was larger than usual, and evinced a lively interest in the exhibits.

As usual the Plymouth Rocks constituted the largest class, indicating that the breed is holding its own in the fancy and commercial atmosphere. The Barred numbered ninety-four entries, the winning specimens being up to standard, though possibly no better than the average of those shown twenty years ago. There is such a thing as "the limit" in breeding for points, and in breeds and varieties that have become long established, to maintain quality at its best is about all that is to be expected. Especially is this true of Barred Rocks, which have long maintained a foremost place in the industry. In Whites there were shown some really regal specimens, particularly good were the male and female that captured the Los Angeles Times Illustrated Weekly Cup for the best cock and hen in the American class. Bufts were a rather small class of average quality; but in the Partridge there were some fine specimens showing good color markings and fine type.

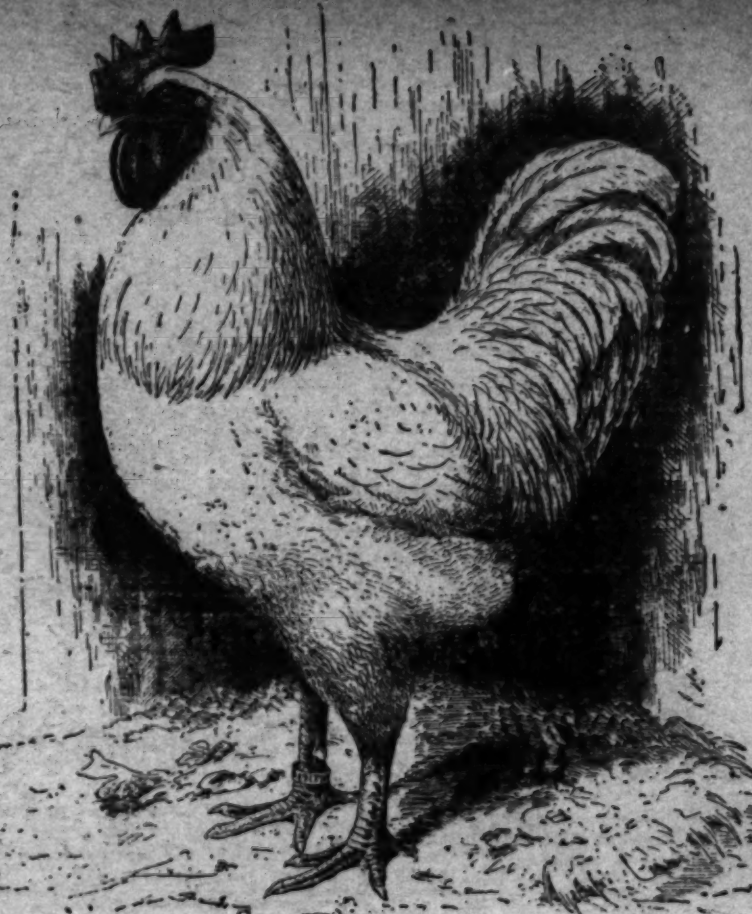
The Wyandottes were not so strong as in earlier shows, the total being seventy-seven of all varieties. Of these the Whites were far in the lead, displaying some really good specimens, with pure white plumage, clear yellow legs and beaks, good eye, and the typical curves in carriage and type that are a distinctive Wyandotte characteristic. Bufts, Columbians, Golden and Partridge were small entries, indicating that these are not so popular as formerly.

The Rhode Island Reds, like the Rocks, maintain their following, the total number being 221. There were a few Rhode Island Whites which attracted some attention as a novelty. As far as our observation goes, they are still a negligible quantity in the breeding yards as well as in the show room. With White Rocks, Wyandottes and Orpingtons in the field they will certainly have to "go some" to become a factor of consequence.

All entries in Asiatics were light excepting the Light Brahmas, which contained a larger number of birds than has been shown in Southern California for some years. And the winning specimens were indeed good birds—typical in shape, good color of plumage, fine head and leg points, and well groomed. If we are to have Asiatics, we know of no breed or variety that makes a stronger appeal on grounds of utility and beauty than the Light Brahma. The generation of older fanciers can remember the Cochins of twenty years ago, when that breed occupied the center of the poultry stage; of late years it has almost become obsolete in the show room, hence it was a pleasure to note a pen of Partridge Cochins that possessed good type and correct color markings. As an element of variety and completeness to an exhibition we should like to see the Cochins strengthened. Bred at its best, the Bufts, Blacks and Partridge are certainly beautiful birds. Black Langhans were a small but good class; in Whites there were but three entries.

As usual the Mediterranean were strong. In White Leghorns, first cock, hen, cockerel and pullet were all owned by one exhibitor. In plumage, clear yellow legs and beak, graceful carriage and good head points these birds left little to be desired. Browns were a small entry and on the whole not so good as exhibits given at this show during the past two or three years. The Blacks and Bufts were of good average. There were a few so-called Partridge Leghorns which were hardly entitled to the name, as the color markings were not at all pronounced.

Owing to the fact that the American Black Minorca Club held its annual convention during the show, there were brought together an unusual fine exhibit of the breed, the total number being 190 in the Single Comb Blacks alone. The quality of



TYPICAL WHITE PLYMOUTH ROCK COCKEREL.

As noted elsewhere on this page the American class of poultry predominated in the late Los Angeles show, of which the White Rocks, though not in numbers the largest, nevertheless gained the proud distinction of winning the Los Angeles Times Illustrated Weekly's Cup for the best male and female exhibited in this class, bred and owned by Albert A. Bamford of Gardena. As a general-purpose fowl the White Rock is indeed ideal, standing confinement well, while the hens are good layers of brown-shelled eggs. For table purposes they supply a plump yellow-skinned carcass of excellent flavor, cocks weighing nine pounds and up; hens seven and up. On this account all varieties of Plymouth Rocks are popular for family flocks.

the California birds was again shown in retary of the Poultry Breeders' Association, the fact that all firsts were won by them. Glendale, Cal. The Whites and Bufts were a small class. The latter being a comparatively new breed, the specimens exhibited gave evidence of improvement.

All W. F. Black Spanish and Blue Andalusians were entered by two exhibitors which gave no field for competition. Quality was good, however, in both breeds.

Anconas were a rather strong class totaling sixty-nine individual birds. The winners were of fine quality, good in type and color of plumage. This breed is gaining quite a following on this Coast, based principally on the good performance of the hens in producing good average crops of eggs.

In the English class, the Orpingtons in all varieties maintain their popularity. No better whites, bufts and blacks are to be found anywhere than were staged at this show. As a general purpose fowl they rank with the Plymouth Rock and Wyandotte, and on the whole are quite as popular in California. The Sussex breed was not so well represented as on former occasions, notably two years ago, while the Dark Cornish just about held its own. The latter two are essentially meat breeds and as such merit the attention of market poultrymen.

Of the remaining exhibits the entries were rather small, while in bantams the show was rather full and complete, particularly as to breeds and varieties. There was the usual showing of turkeys, ducks, geese, pigeons, rabbits, etc.

For the benefit of readers, we desire to call attention to the fact that the show management issues an annual catalogue giving the names of all exhibitors whose birds have won honors. This booklet is of service to people wanting to purchase breeding stock of any breed or variety that was exhibited, because giving the names of exhibitors possessing good strains of breeding stock. This catalogue is published at a nominal cost of 10 cents, and copies are to be had of Walter M. Ross, Sec.

C. R. Harker on New Breeds.

No one on the Pacific Coast knows the poultry game any better than Charles R. Harker of San Jose. A breeder, fancier, judge and writer on poultry matters for nearly half a century, he has seen breeds and varieties come and go like the seasons. Commenting on the craze for new things in web and feather he says that new breeds and new varieties of old ones are multiplying so fast nowadays that a person must be a rare bird himself who can name them all offhand. The Standard is of little help, for the makers of it cannot admit the newcomers rapidly enough to keep up with the applicants. The good old Plymouth Rock, itself not so awfully long ago classed as a new one, is now divided into all the colors of the rainbow, and the Wyandottes likewise, while of others there are so many sorts and shades that some of us get bewildered trying to distinguish one from another. Rhode Island Whites we mistake for White Wyandottes, and whether a bird is a White Rock or a White Orpington, only the color of the shank frequently betrays. Even the oldest of all, the Dorkings, cannot escape the rage for something new. A man in Philadelphia declares that he has Red Dorkings, which beat the band for laying and they are right there in table quantities, as all the new ones are, and, of course, they lay a prodigious number of eggs, the pullets hatched in the spring lay in September, etc. Yet there are the old breeds and varieties, some of them neglected, while the half-baked new ones are in great demand. It seems a sheer waste of time, and money, and effort to have perfected these good Standard breeds and then drop them for raw recruits. Take the Black Langshan, for example. It is the equal, in every respect, of almost any new breed that can be named, yet it is not half the favorite that it should be from any standard—beauty or utility.

All of which again reminds us, why not improve the breeds and varieties we already have, rather than strive for something new? Surely to breed in perfection any of the present Standard fowl is an undertaking that may well enlist the best efforts of our foremost fanciers and breeders. Is it not so?

Diseases and Methods of Prevention.

A press bulletin from the Texas Department of Agriculture contains some suggestions on the question of poultry diseases that apply to other sections of country besides the Lone Star State. Allowing that there are principal avenues by which disease may be introduced, namely, by poorly equipped poultry houses, wherein the birds are subjected to sudden changes of weather, cold draughts, etc., as with catarrh, roup, etc.; by improper feeding; and by buying or swapping for diseased birds, it states that the first way may be prevented by the use of disinfectants and providing comfortable quarters; the second, by disinfectants and the regulation of feeds; and the third, by the abandonment of the traffic in diseased birds. Unfortunately in this late day, with the premises often infested with rats, it is doubtful if any disinfectant will prove successful, since it is known that rats are carriers of a number of poultry diseases that are contagious.

Some of these germs are easily killed, while others are very difficult. For the inside of the houses, including the roost and nest boxes, hot lime wash is recommended. This wash should be applied two or three times a year. One-fourth pint of carbolic acid should be added to every gallon of the wash. This will kill both animal parasites and microbes. When a gaseous disinfectant is needed to reach the ceilings of the house and the hanging roost, take one pint of formalin (formaldehyde) 40 per cent strength, and mix in one gallon of water; spray thoroughly on the walls, ceilings, roost, etc. The building should be tight and the operator should stand at the door, spray the back part first and spray in a hurry, and as soon as completed come out, closing the door. Let it remain closed until about 4 or 5 o'clock p.m. If this treatment should begin in the morning this would give ample time to destroy all germs. Remember, the building should be airtight, or nearly so, to get results. Stop buying or swapping birds and destroy the rats, as these rodents may carry the disease a long distance, and with the rats bringing the germs to the poultry yard, even disinfectants may prove a failure.

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LIFE IN THE HEART OF ARCTIC ALASKA.

[Saturday]

The Illustrated Weekly Magazine

and have been there for twelve years, winter and summer. I have then by a homestead of 320 acres about 330 miles east of the sound. It is the farthest north of any homestead in Uncle Sam's territory."

"What kind of a climate have you?" I asked.

"I consider the Kobuk Valley one of the most delightful parts of Alaska," replied Judge Moran. "We have four months of summer and six or seven months of very cold weather. All the streams are frozen solid by the 1st of October, and we have a steady cold from then until about the middle of May. Shortly after that the ice goes out with a rush and summer begins."

"How cold does it get during the winter?"

"The thermometer sometimes goes down to 50 or 60 degrees below zero, but as a rule it is much above that, and we have weeks when it is only a few degrees above or below. The air is dry and there is but little wind, and we have no trouble to keep ourselves warm. There are, perhaps, seventy-five white people who live on the Kobuk and its tributaries. Many of the men have brought their wives with them, and children have been born in the country. Among our people are emigrants from North Dakota and Minnesota; they say that the climate of the Kobuk is quite as good as the country from which they came."

No Use for Lamps in Summer.

"Give me an idea of your summers."

"They are delightful. We have many days when the thermometer goes up to 80, and I have seen it at 94 degrees above zero. It is light all the time during the summer. We put away our lamps in March and do not bring them out until late in September. You can read a newspaper at any hour of the night without artificial light. There is so much sunshine that everything grows twice as fast as in the States. The grass along the river is as high as your head and the land everywhere is green and spotted with wild flowers. We have great fields of blue forget-me-nots, thousands of wild roses of a delicate pink, buttercups as yellow as gold and sheets of snowed that wave under the wind like masses of flames. We have altogether forty different varieties of wild flowers. We have also many wild berries. Our cranberries are only half as large as those of the States, but they are redder and their flavor is better. We have wild raspberries, gooseberries and currants, and salmonberries of a pale lemon color. We have all kinds of moss, and especially that upon which the reindeer feeds. There are now several thousand reindeer in the district. They are owned by the Eskimos.

"We are now raising vegetables. We used

to bring our turnips, potatoes, carrots and cabbages from Seattle, not realizing that we could grow them ourselves. We now raise all we want out in the open and also lettuce, peas and beans. We grow the finest of tomatoes and cucumbers in our hothouses."

Much Game.

"Tell me something about the game of the Kobuk."

"It is of many varieties and we are so far north that no one bothers about getting a license for hunting. There is excellent fishing. The streams of the delta are such that you can travel hundreds of miles in a gasoline launch. They are deep, but the water is so clear that you can see the bottom almost everywhere."

"The whole valley is full of wild birds. There are great flocks of wild geese, ducks and sandhill cranes that come to feed on the berries that grow on the banks of the lakes. These birds arrive about May 1, sending out their scouts in advance. The natives watch for the first goose and then prepare for the hunt."

"We have two species of ptarmigan," Judge Moran continued. "One of these is the size of a quail and the other that of a prairie chicken. These birds are to be found the year around, and, strange to say, they change their color with the season. In the summer the feathers are brown, the color of the tundra. In the winter they turn to snow white, so that it is difficult to see the birds against the snow. This is a protection of nature. It is the same with our rabbits. They are brown in the summer and in the winter, snow white. We have millions of rabbits. They feed on the bark of the willow trees and they will eat the bark as high as they can reach, standing on the snow as they do so. This kills the trees and you often see dead willow thickets of vast extent."

"Have you any big game?"

"We have the moose here and there and thousands of caribou. The caribou go about in large droves in the winter. As to fur animals, we have otter and muskrat, ermine and marten, and our mink are noted the world over for their fine fur."

"How about foxes?"

"We have the best that can be found in the frigid zone," replied Judge Moran. "We have every kind, including the red, the cross, the black or silver tip and the white and the blue. All of these foxes belong to two families. The red fox includes the cross and the black. The white includes the blue. Our red foxes average about seventeen pounds in weight. The white and blue foxes will run about eight pounds."

"Can fur-farming be carried on at a profit in that part of Alaska?"

"There is no doubt of it," said Judge Moran. "We have the ideal climate for fur production and we can breed foxes, marten, mink and ermine. The Kobuk was once the natural home of the beaver, but that animal is now almost extinct. During one year we shipped muskrat skins to the amount of \$100,000. We are now shipping none. Muskrats could be raised on farms all over Alaska."

Has a Fox Farm.

"As to foxes, I have started a fur farm at Shungnak and am breeding whites, reds and crosses. I have had as many as seventy-two foxes at one time, and I am now rapidly increasing my supply by buying breeding stock of the natives. I pay them one and a half times the value of the skin. Until lately I have lost a number of foxes because I did not know how strong to make the pens or inclosures in which they were kept. I began with high fences of chicken wire, but that wire was too weak and the mesh was not tight. The animals walked right through it. Now I have a fourteen gauge steel wire, with a two-inch mesh. It is made for fox fencing and it seems to be excellent."

"What do you know about the Kobuk River?"

"I ought to know something," said Judge Moran. "I have lived on the Kobuk for more than a decade and have hunted and fished and prospected for gold all along it and its tributaries. The Kobuk is about the best stream in Arctic Alaska. It is 600 miles long. It flows from east to west, not far north of the Arctic Circle, and empties into the Arctic Ocean at Kotzebue Sound. The stream winds about like the Yukon and its delta has as many mouths as the Mississippi. In normal times it is navigable for 300 miles for steamers of two and one-half feet draft. It is a better river than the Tanana, and shallow draft boats can go further up it."

"Is the country well mineralized?"

"Yes, there is more or less gold all along the Kobuk. You can drive your shovel almost anywhere into the gravel of the creeks and find color. In 1913 a nugget as big as my hand was brought into the store at Kotzebue Sound and traded for goods. That nugget weighed forty-four and one-half ounces and its actual value was almost \$1000. The miner who brought it said he had found it when moving his sluice boxes. He had it on his shovel and had thrown it away with the other rocks when he noticed that the shovel seemed heavy. He then went over to where he had thrown the stuff and found the nugget in the mud,

He washed the sand off and saw that the lump was pure gold."

"Then your gold must be coarse?"

"Yes, it is all free gold, some fine and some coarse. We catch it in sluice boxes and without quicksilver."

Prospectors and Miners at Work.

"Is there much mining being done?"

"We have a number of prospectors and miners who are working on the creeks that flow into the Kobuk. There are some also on the Squirrel and Shungnak Rivers. I have a mining property on Dahl Creek. In 1910 a nugget was found there that was worth \$700. As to the gold of Arctic Alaska, our country is in the infancy of its development. Many of the creeks carry low-grade gravel that will some day be dredged at a profit. We have also gold quartz in which you can see the fine grains of gold with the naked eye."

"What other minerals have you?"

"The country has never been prospected," replied Judge Moran. "It is full of minerals, but no one knows just what there is nor the values. As to copper, we have some large deposits. Mr. Bradley, the manager of the great gold mines at Treadwell, took one option on a copper find near the Kobuk River at a price of \$400,000. That was about twelve years ago, when copper was low. The price continued to decline and he finally gave up the option. At the present time the deposit could probably be mined at a great profit."

"Among the other minerals we have large deposits of asbestos, silver and coal. Some of the silver is placer and can be washed from the streams. We have also antimony and tungsten and a jade which, it is believed, will command a high price in the market."

"Are the coal deposits of any value?"

"There is one mine on the Kobuk that has supplied the local demand for the past eighteen years, and there are other beds of fairly good coal near the Arctic Ocean. There are some deposits near Cape Lisburne that have been known a long time. They were mentioned by Henry D. Wolfe, who had worked in them prior to the census of 1890. He describes the coal as semi-bituminous, and says it will make steam quickly, although it has a large percentage of ash. One of the deposits covers twenty-five square miles. It is also reported that there is a lake of oil and oil springs northwest of Wainwright. The government has long known of an oil belt there, but the region has not been surveyed nor prospected. In fact, no one knows what we have in these far northern parts of Alaska. It may be that the next great gold stampede will be to this region."

(Copyright, 1917, by Frank G. Carpenter.)

In the Spring Came a Voice from the Future.

BY MARGARET HEATH MACKEAN.

"THE party of the first part deposed and saith: First, that he never surmised that there were young ferns in this park; second, that he has never been notified of the existence of young ferns in this park; and third, that he has never observed any young ferns in said park. Therefore, it has been clearly and finally adjudicated that there are no ferns in the aforementioned park," with which decision Jack stretched out six feet of legal laziness upon the warm sod.

"But, Jack, I know there must be ferns here, because I smell them," argued Pauline, lifting a Harrison Fisher nose and faintly sniffing the fragrant air.

"Pauline, how often must I caution you against your boasting about your unusual olfactory prowess?" reproved the young man plaintively. "Your sense of smell is altogether too acute for a cultured kindergarten."

"Lazibonous, you shall not harangue me out of my fern hunt," said the girl, making a little mouse at him and flitting away. As she darted in and out among the trees, now peering under a purpling lilac bush, now pulling aside a blushing syringa or bending to inspect the ground near some moss-grown oak, her soft draperies floated airily about her and blended with the delicate verdure of the shrubbery until she seemed part of nature's color scheme.

"By Jove, Pauline, you are a veritable wood nymph," admired Jack as he pulled himself up and lounged after, stuffing his tobacco into his pipe and searching for a

match. Then he added as an afterthought, "Why are you so partial to green?"

"O, wise young Judge to be so observant," laughed Pauline. "Find my ferns for me and I shall unfold to you the only original and true tale of the allotment of colors as it is handed down from third sister to third sister," then ecstatically, "Oh, the darlings!" as Jack shoved aside some underbrush and disclosed a nursery of young ferns cuddled close to warm Mother Earth. "Be careful and don't break their dear little fingers," she cautioned as her companion spaded them out with his pocketknife and placed them in the waiting basket.

"This is the seventh day and I ought to be resting instead of earning my amusement by the sweat of my brow," grumbled Jack. "Are you going to tell me the story, teacher, and may I light my pipe before you tell it?"

"Yes, good boy. You may light your pipe, and I shall tell you the story as soon as I place my ferns where the sun will not wilt them."

"Don't make it too intellectual," pleaded the young man mockingly.

"I shall fit it to your understanding," said the girl.

Jack chuckled and after shying a pebble at an insulting blue jay, settled down comfortably to be entertained.

"Now," began Pauline in a "listen-my-children" voice, "this is the story as it was made known to me, a third sister, by a third sister of a third sister.

"And lo, it came to pass that Mother Eve did look upon her daughter dear, her first-born woman child, and saw the babe was dark of eyes and hair; so culling all the radiant flowers, the crimson rose, the scarlet vine, the pink, the poppy, too, she wove from them a robe that sparkled as the rays of light from summer's shining sun, and thus arrayed the child."

"And now, in course of time a second daughter came to Eve. So fair and pure the maid, with heaven-hued eyes and sun-kissed hair, she seemed half child, half angel white. So Mother Eve went forth and gathered all the faint-hued flowers—the daisy, violet, daffodil, the waving blue-bell, too—and quickly spun a cloth that glistened like the moonbeams fair, and thus enrobed the child."

"And now behold, another girl was given unto Eve, a rebel babe with ruby locks and tiny, tight-shut fists that beat the air, and sturdy legs that kicked against the pricks. It was exceedingly cold, and loud the babe did lift her voice in wrath and weep unto the dawning of the day."

"And troubled sore was Mother Eve, for far and wide upon the earth there was no rose, no daisy, pink nor violet, no single flower, not even a blade of grass with which to weave a covering for the child."

"She wandered to fair Eden's edge and looked with longing eyes upon the mass of bloom beyond the turning sword's bright flame."

"And lo, a kindly wind did rush out from the gate and in his arms he bore the

leaves off the tree of knowledge rare and laid them at the woman's feet."

"Eve plucked the bright leaves from the ground and from them spun a robe as softly green and warm as meadows are when kissed by May Day suns, and put the garment on the child who laughed aloud for joy."

"And the weary mother rested and was content."

"Now that is the reason why the third daughter has red hair, teaches school and is addicted to the wearing of the green."

"But your hair is not red, it is a beautiful auburn," said her companion, taking possession of one small hand and idly slipping his Masonic ring off and on a slender finger.

"If you are entirely through with that hand I should like to use it a moment, please."

The man smiled, and releasing the hand absently watched a prosperous-looking robin who was critically examining the apartment-tree that his plump wife had selected for their summer home.

Pauline tried to shake off the unwonted sensation of self-consciousness that was stealing over her.

"Look at Mrs. Sparrow," she laughed, pointing to a hardworking mother sparrow who had carefully divided a luscious worm into minute parts and was carrying the fragments to a neighboring tree where her approach was greeted by joyful squawks. "She is almost as frugal as our beloved

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY)

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MAKING THE CITY AND HOME BEAUTIFUL.

Gardens, Streets, Parks, Lakes. By Ernest Branton.

Do Americans Love Flowers?

THIS is a question lately agitating the general press as well as the class papers in the eastern part of our great country. Do we love flowers? Certainly we love 'em, else we wouldn't have 'em in such profusion. Neither would we have the most effective societies on earth for the protection and preservation of wild flowers nor the fine flower shows given in every State and the strong organizations back of them. Locally the love of flowers by the many is unquestioned. Public and private grounds and flower shows in Los Angeles, Pasadena and scores of lesser places all go to refute the charge that we do not love flowers.

Much of the argument produced to prove to us that we are not a flower-loving people is based on European gardens and observations. Especially are England and the English cited because there all love and cultivate flowers. It has become a well-known and clearly recognized national trait of character. And there are no perceptible exceptions. But the English, though originally a composite people, are now a solidified people of well-defined national characteristics. We have no such status as yet. The influx of the English alone would prevent this. All of them that can get away come to us and of late a majority find their way to the Pacific Coast.

When we have assimilated all these and the countless hordes from other countries perhaps we shall steady down to the acquisition of national traits of character. At present America, the greatest melting pot the world ever saw, is boiling at a seething pitch. What we shall make of the mass ultimately remains to be seen, but so far every successive generation born in this country is an improvement on the one that went before. And, incidentally, but right to the question under consideration, is the fact that in the older and more settled parts of our country the deepest love and appreciation of flowers are shown. The exception that proves the rule is Southern California. But here all nature has so conspired to aid us that the force is irresistible. Therefore we live amidst a profusion of blossoms, and we love 'em, too.

The Active Garden Season.

Now comes the time of all times for work in the garden, for in the past we have had too much cold weather for plant growth. The last month in 1916 and the first few days in 1917 gave us more frosty nights than the writer has ever experienced in the corresponding weeks since coming to Los Angeles twenty-nine years ago. Frosts have in other years been more severe but fewer in number and not so continuous with at least short respites. All vegetation was peculiarly stagnated the full month of December and New Year's Day saw the greatest scarcity of garden bloom, except in favored localities, that we have experienced for many years. This, following a cool summer and autumn, has held all vegetable development back so heavily that everything in the flower line is late. So only now has the winter gardening season arrived.

Cheap Flower Gardens.

Herewith follows a list of sixteen hardy annuals that cost no more than ten cents per packet and that will give an abundance of varied flower crops if sown now. A half dozen are native species.

Godetias, new hybrids of several colors; cornflowers, new double blue; scarlet flax; larkspurs, tall stock-flowered mixture; tulip poppy, red; Shirley poppies, mixed; African orange daisies, hybrids from cream to orange in color; Nigella, Miss Jekyll; calliopsis, golden wave; blazing star, yellow; Coreopsis Stiffmanii, yellow mountain daisy; Linanthus densiflorus, California phlox; calendula, Prince of Orange; candytuft, dwarf hybrids; Clarkia, either mixed sorts or Clarkia elegans; and last, but not least, the ever-glorious California poppy ranging

in hue from nearly white to orange, to magenta, and to bronze-red.

Massing Palms.

Nearly all palms grow naturally in clumps and masses, as do nearly all other plants and trees. They do not grow singly and in pairs, as we are wont to plant them. All would look much better planted thickly, yet not too thick. Though stately in form and lending themselves admirably to architectural effects, they still appear at their best only when planted in numbers, in a purely informal disposition. The individual should be lost sight of and regarded as only so much material with which to build the picture—merely a brick in the wall.

Perfumery Gardening.

California should properly be a great perfumery-producing State for the reason that the principal bases of so many perfumes are oils from citrus fruits and all of them possess value. Either fruit rinds, leaves or flowers, or all of these from every sort of citrus tree or plant are available for perfumery purposes. In addition, every important perfumery plant known is now grown in Southern California as an ornamental. There are some natural deterrents to the growth of all, for our sun is too hot and desiccative for a few plants, and fogs in some parts are too prevalent for others. But as a rule we can qualify on the whole list as well as any section in the world. It is a matter that has not yet been given more than the crudest of experiments in a few lines by those not in a position to exploit the business on a commercial scale.

Variegated Japan Ivy.

Hundreds of plants the Japanese ivy or ampelopsis who do not wish a rampant grower but merely a vine that will cover low walls, step buttresses, etc. If an evergreen is desired Ficus repens is used but where a winter change is wanted the Japan ivy or Virginia creeper is used. But there is a

Japanese ivy with leaves much like those of the Virginia creeper in shape yet colored most beautifully. Its leaves are blotched yellow, white and green. It is a slow grower yet so beautiful it should find extensive use locally, which it does not. The present writer grew it in Los Angeles fifteen years ago and regarded it most favorably. It may be obtained under the name of Ampelopsis heterophylla variegata.

Spiders Eat Aphids.

In many parts of England the chief natural enemy of aphids is a small spider, not larger than some of the aphids. It devours not only the aphids or plant lice, but leafhoppers and many other plant pests. It might prove a wise move for our State officials to procure some of these spiders for use in California for we are sorely tried by several species of aphids.

A Fine Ground Cover.

Eastern floral papers continue to speak highly of a prostrate ground cover from Japan which goes by the name of Pachysandra terminalis. It is evergreen and thrives even in deep shade under trees. Indeed it is doubtful if it will do well under the California summer sun. But as a soil cover for shaded places it merits a fair trial in this State and it is believed it will give entire satisfaction. We are in need of a good plant for the situations suggested.

Ground Limestone.

We are hoping to see the time when ground limestone, not a powder, but a mealy substance not too fine, will be put upon the market from a local source, a strictly home industry. At present we use too little lime in field, orchard and garden. We should use more. Often it is best to use air-slaked or hydrated. In wide applications

ground limestone would prove much pleasanter to handle. Other forms act quickly and all is over. Limestone would act more slowly and permanently and in some cases more beneficially. There will never come a time when all forms will not be in demand for agricultural uses, but we need all forms. At present the only one not on the market is ground limestone. When the supply comes it must be high grade, one that meets with the approval of our State officials.

Riches from Utah Mines.

[Pacific Coast Manufacturer:] Breaking all records for western mining, Utah mines will produce close to \$35,000,000 worth of metals this year. The high prices being paid for metal of all kinds has caused an increase in production and at the same time has caused an increase in the value of the output. The greatest amount of metal produced will be in Salt Lake county, where it is estimated the total will be more than \$65,000,000 for the year. The remaining \$20,000,000 will be distributed over the State. The mining industry of Utah will pay its greatest dividends this year.

The production of silver in Utah will amount to more than \$10,000,000 and the production of lead will amount to more than \$5,000,000.

Odd Name Oddly Won.

[London News:] The inn known as the "Same Yet," at Prestwich, has a curious history which Mr. Hackwood relates: "The house originally bore the 'Seven Stars,' but many years ago it became necessary to have its faded sign repainted. When the painter asked the landlord what he was to put on the board he received the answer, 'The same yet.' And the man took him at his word."

[Life:] "Has Chollie regained consciousness?"

"Yes, his mind is a perfect blank."

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NEW LANGUAGE LEARNED BY GUARDSMEN.

Somewhat Shocking Vocabulary. By Vincent Sexton.

PARENTS, wives and sweethearts of the California National Guardsmen who recently returned to Los Angeles from the Mexican border, are just recovering from the shock they received when they first heard the returned guardsmen employ in ordinary conversation some of the choice bits of army slang picked up in the border camps.

If their border service has done nothing else for the California guardsmen it has unquestionably enriched their vocabularies. The boys are home again with a command of the English (?) language as startling as it is picturesque.

"Mother, please pass me the blood," said one Los Angeles youth as he began his

who sets before her hero a steaming bowl of beef or lamb stew these days. She is certain to have her sensibilities shocked by the guardaman's reference to the "alum" she has set before him. Any kind of stew is "alum" to the California National Guardsmen back from the border. Not that they dislike the dish—quite the contrary. "Slum" or "mulligan" was always a welcome dish on the camp bill of fare.

The wise housewife will place the ban on canned corn beef for some time to come, however. "Canned Willie" or "Old Bill" as canned corn beef was intimately known to the soldiers, holds no charms for militiamen who participated in practice "hikes" on the border. "Canned Willie" and Canned

all up and down the company streets. It might be remarked in passing, however, that there was an "Alexandria Hotel" and an "Angelus Hotel" in the infantry camp. Each "hotel" housed six Los Angeles guardsmen. "Ciudad," which in Spanish means "city," was sometimes used in speaking of the town of Nogales.

The point of vantage on the hills north of Nogales where the cavalry was encamped was invariably referred to by the California boys as "Mount Calvary." But for that matter all cavalry is "calvary" to the enlisted men of the army. By the same token one does not arise in the morning at reveille. It is "revelry" in the glossary of the militiamen.

Soup, in the vernacular of the guardsman, is "slops." If thick enough to come under the general classification of stew, it would receive the more dignified appellation of "slum."

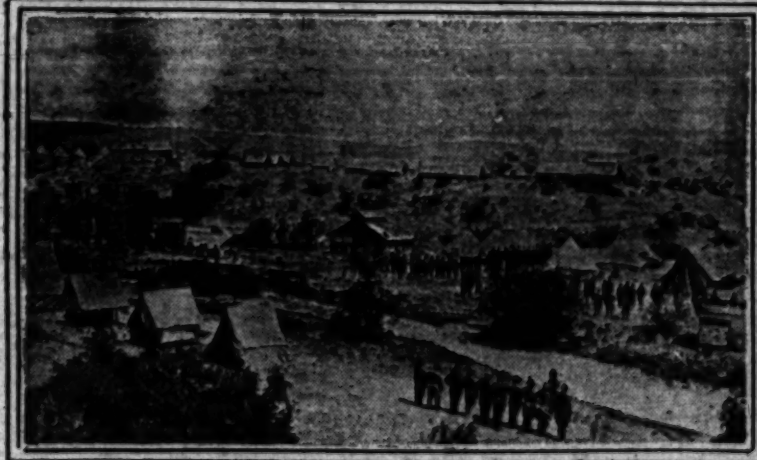
Bread is known as "punk" to the returned guardsman and bacon travels under the alias of "salt horse." Potatoes are "Murphys" or "spuds" and beans are "bullets" or "berries." Beef is known to many of the guardsmen as "toros," plural of the Spanish for bull. If the beef happens to be in the form of steak it is expressively referred to as "shoe leather." Lettuce, cabbage or other



At "Chow"



Border guard



Camp at Nogales



California guardsmen on maneuver

assault on the first home-cooked meal he had eaten in six months. The astonished parent's eyes opened wide with surprise at her khaki-clad son's singular request, and for a moment she thought the privations of camp life had gone to his head.

Noting the look of doubt and anxiety upon his mother's countenance, the guardsman guessed the cause and hastened to relieve her. "It's the catsup I mean, Mother. Don't you understand—the catsup—or in camp lingo, 'the blood.'" Her mind eased by the explanation, the mother hastened to pass the catsup bottle.

The guardsmen who have seen service on the border never think of speaking of their meals in terms of breakfast, dinner and supper any more. When they wish to announce the fact that dinner is ready they revert to the camp vernacular and tell you to, "Come and get it!" To a returned guardaman the announcement to "come and get it" is as intelligible as is the Pullman porter's announcement to the passengers of the Golden State Limited that "dinner is now being served in the dining car."

The food which is served at mealtime is known to the youth who has just returned from the border as "chow." The term stands at the head of the long list of newly acquired colloquialisms brought home from the border by the guardsman.

Woe to the fond parent or doting wife

"Willie Haah" formed the chief articles of diet whenever the men were sent out on practice marches and forced to live on the so-called "field" rations. Canned corn beef and canned corn beef hash are all right in their way, the Los Angeles militiamen will tell you, but when they are served to a man for more than two or three days a-running, they lose their charm.

The truly remarkable vocabulary acquired by the National Guardsman during his sojourn on the border is composed in part of the regular army slang, much of which was familiar to the men who served in Uncle Sam's army as far back as Spanish-American war time. Many of the words brought home by the California boys were picked up from the native Mexican population. Of Spanish derivation, many of them were used by the volunteers in the encampments at Knoxville and Meade in 1898.

The Spanish "muchas gracias" for "many thanks" was quickly appropriated by the militiamen, and "mucho 'way-ne," as the guardsmen pronounced it, was used more frequently than the home town, "very good." "Adios" for "good-by," and the Spanish salutations for "good morning," and "good evening" were highly favored by the militiamen.

The word "casa," Spanish for house, was taken over by the guardsmen and used with reckless abandon in naming their tent homes. It was "casa this" and "casa that"

Dietitians at Washington who have figured out the nutritious values of various foodstuffs for the purpose of giving the soldiers the best possible food at the lowest cost per man, place great store by coffee as a stimulating drink. The amount of coffee which is daily consumed by a soldier would cause the advertising writer for substitutes for this beverage to turn up his heels in holy horror and straightway pass in his checks. "Blackleg" is the term used by the guardsman when he speaks in awed whispers of the powerful black coffee he drank on the border.

Soldiers have composed a little ditty, not just what one would call strictly grammatical in its structure, but at the same time indicative of the enlisted man's tendency to poke fun at his rations. This complaint is not made in earnest, for on a whole the men have no cause for complaint, either about the quantity or the quality of the food served them—when in camp. The ditty is sung to the tune of the bugler's mess call. It goes something like this:

"Soupy, soupy, soupy,
Without a single bean,
Porky, porky, porky,
Without a bit of lean;
Coffee, coffee, coffee,
The worst you ever seen."

greens served in the army messhalls came under the general classification of "grass."

Guardsmen have adopted their own set of titles for use in referring to their officers. The First Sergeant in command of an outfit is known as "the top;" the Mess Sergeant is known as "the mess;" and the Quartermaster Sergeant is known as the "Q. M." A sergeant is affectionately known as "Sarge."

The captain of a company is known as "the skipper" and the major or other commanding officer is referred to as "the old man." The general in command is "the big chief." Lieutenants fresh from West Point are known to the National Guardsmen as "shavetails," due to the fact that the tails of their coats have just been shaved off, i.e.: they have exchanged their long cadet coats for the short-tailed service blouses.

For some unexplained reason infantrymen are known as "doughboys." The titles of "pill rollers" for the members of the hospital corps and of "road builders" for the engineer corps, need no explanation.

So accustomed have the California guardsmen become to using the border slang in their everyday talk that it will be a long time before their friends and relatives cease being alternately shocked and amused at what must seem at first a most astounding version of the English language "as she is spoke."

ORCHARD AND FARM, RANCHO AND RANGE

Phosphorus as Plant Food. By Thomas G. Wallace.

AMONG the minerals that enter into and are assimilated by plants phosphorus is of primary importance, as they enter into the first formation of the living matter in the plant and are ever after active, appearing to have an important action at every stage of growth and metabolic action. In speaking of the chemical elements of protoplasm in these papers phosphorus was given among them. The compound of phosphorus and oxygen, in which approximately 55 per cent. of oxygen and 44 per cent. of phosphorus come together, is known as phosphoric acid, an expression quite familiar to users and handlers of fertilizers. While the lime which forms the base for phosphates is not, as far as we know, necessary to the first process of plant life the phosphoric acid is, and hence we go a step further and look upon phosphoric acid as an absolutely first constituent of plant life as we know it. All fruitful seeds, fruit buds and embryo conditions contain or are surrounded with an abundance of phosphoric acid, and seeds showing a low condition of it germinate slowly or fail to reproduce at all. While the development of plants, as we have seen, is largely due to nitrogen feeding, their ability to reproduce again is importantly governed by phosphoric acid more than any other substance. The results of nitrate feeding of plants will fall far short of nature's intention if phosphoric acid is not freely obtainable by the cell during all stages of life action. For this reason it is not difficult to understand that during the early active growing seasons plants store up great supplies of phosphates, if available, to be recovered from their cellular store rooms and carried into fruit and seed production, or into the buds which are primarily the means nature provides for reproduction.

Forms and Solubility of Phosphates.

The condition of solubility in which plants use phosphorus is in combination with oxygen as phosphoric acid compounded with some of the bases, as phosphate of lime, soda, potash, magnesia, etc. There are several forms of phosphates so insoluble that they cannot be taken up into the plant until they are reduced by being depleted of a portion of the base of lime, etc., which holds them insoluble to water, for instance, tribasic phosphate, which is the condition of ordinary bone phosphate, has three parts of lime base; by strong acids, as for instance sulphuric acid, which has a greater affinity for mineral bases than phosphoric acid. A portion of the lime (say one-third,) is taken from the phosphate and combined with the sulphuric acid, forming a sulphate of lime leaving but two-thirds the lime base with the phosphoric acid, which is then a di-basic phosphate. In this condition it is not yet soluble in ordinary water but is more easily soluble in water containing weak acids, because the amount of lime remaining in the phosphate is not sufficient to neutralize or nullify the action of the weaker acids. In this condition, also, the roots of plants can attack the phosphate and render it so soluble that it can enter the plant with water and be digested. While thus pure bone phosphate or tribasic phosphate is insoluble and cannot as such be taken up by most farm plants, the secondary condition of it, called di-basic, can be utilized by being dissolved either by the acids in the soil arising from the decomposition of organic matter or from the excretions of plant roots. When two parts of the lime of the bone phosphate are taken from it and combined with other acids the remaining phosphate is called mono-basic or one-lime phosphate. In this condition it is readily dissolved by water in small supply and is then easily absorbed by the plants. In the general reference to phosphates as plant food the soluble condition last referred to must be understood and kept in mind, as no matter in what condition it is supplied to the soil in the fertilizer, it must reach a soluble condition before it can enter into the plant life. To get our first or leading insight for a study of the function of phosphates in plant nutrition, the primary and

ultimate actions of it in plant production must be considered.

The Course of Phosphoric Acid in Plants.

When an annual plant is young, or a perennial plant is in early seasonal growth, the phosphoric acid absorbed is pretty equally distributed throughout the stem and leaves, but gradually 50 per cent. of it is concentrated near the parts where the habit of the plant is to form its fruit or seed. When the first development of flowering bud is in evidence more than 75 per cent. of the phosphoric acid in the plant is found to have migrated to the reproductive parts, and the leaves and stem distant from these parts have lost over 50 per cent. of their phosphoric acid storage, the balance in the leaf having of course come from further absorption from the soil.

This concentration perceptibly increases and is the more noticeable because the plants do not seem to feed from phosphorus so rapidly after the flowering stage, or more correctly perhaps, during the heated term of the season. The partial discontinuance or slowing up of phosphate feeding is never resumed in an annual plant, but in the perennial plant it is active at every new growing period. Finally, the phosphoric acid taken up by the plant enters the seed, fruit and bud to the enormous extent of nearly 90 per cent. of the total, in some plants—namely wheat—leaving approximately 10 or 12 per cent. in the stems, wood and leaves.

Phosphoric Acid and Proteids.

Phosphoric acid is an important ingredient in the formation of proteids, which, as we have seen, are primarily nitrogenous productions, but small amounts of phosphorus and sulphur are necessary to the changes which effect the evolution from carbohydrates to proteids. As the process is simultaneous and practically continuous throughout the active life of the plant, phosphates must pervade the whole area of the plant at some time. It is not necessary that they should enter into the plant simultaneously with nitrates, and the fact that these two substances do not chemically combine and act upon each other as such is presumptive evidence of this. One branch of the proteid formation, the albumenoids, will not diffuse through vegetable cell walls and must be changed to more diffusible form. Phosphoric acid in a compound such as phosphate of potash effects this change, and after the proteid thus changed has been translocated in the plant it is again made insoluble by the withdrawal of the phosphorus. Therefore, without the presence of phosphoric acid in the plant, there must be a clogging of the nitrogenous productions, though these same proteids have no need of phosphoric acid for their continued existence.

Phosphoric Acid and Ripening.

In viewing this phase of the question it is perhaps well to define the meaning of "mature" and "ripe." In taking the liberty of distinguishing between these two expressions I ask my readers to keep in mind the definitions here placed upon them. Mature—Brought by natural processes to completeness of growth and development. Ripe—The result of maturing. Maturity carries with it the contemplation of the successive stages through which the matured object has passed. Ripeness directs our attention to its state or condition. We observe that crops are frequently ripe though they have not matured, and we say they have ripened prematurely. In other words they have taken on a false finish and are not complete. Such produce is defective in many ways. It may be poor in protein, light in weight, deficient in oils, weak in texture, undersized or badly proportioned in parts. It too often bears out the axiom "early ripe, early rotten." The matured crops have all their parts fully developed, and finished so that they are fully able to resist change of temperature within limits of their endurance, decay, the diseases and even abuse. It is often said that phosphoric acid hastens maturity and early ripening, but there seems to be no demonstration to sustain this, and the mere

fact that phosphoric acid migrates so surely, lacks power to produce good leaves. When and profusely to the reproducing organs blended with a moderate percentage of it and is found in the ripened product is not Australian wheat flour good leaves are re-fair ground for such a conclusion. The evidence of research points to a more likely conclusion, in that it shows that with a dearth of phosphorus in the presence of excessive nitrogen feeding the ripening is not hastened, because the profuse formation of proteids, and therefore fruit growth, calls for the largest possible supply of phosphoric acid to carry on the leading up to full maturity, and to fortify the reproducing cell to fill nature's bounteous hand. The result of nitrogenous feeding has been to form the nucleus of full crops of rich material which hungers for phosphoric acid to make its cells possible of the highest fertility. Thus while a want of phosphoric acid might cause nature to delay ripening under such circumstances, an excess of phosphoric acid without nitrogen would not hasten maturity nor of itself induce ripening. Phosphoric acid may fairly be considered in fertilizers as a guide for nitrogen, directing the formation and translocation of proteids, which seems to be a crucial point in the production of valuable crops. Phosphoric acid is also in some way concerned in the production and diffusion within the plant of the essential oils.

FIELD NOTES.

Replying to a special inquiry, it is found that practically 72 per cent. of the hogs slaughtered on farms are slaughtered as of 19.5 per cent. in November, 22.1 per cent. in December, and 20.3 per cent. in January.

Under the present rules of the Bureau of Standards lime for interstate handling must be packed in standard large barrels of 280 pounds net, small barrels of 150 pounds net or a fractional part of the small barrel. This rule comes into operation January 1, 1917.

In Oregon they have found that sixteen head of sheep, half of which are mature full grown, can be successfully carried on three acres of clover in bearing orchards.

From observation of hens kept in pens or allowed to run in green-growing yard, it is found that while there is a decided advantage to be had by allowing them to run on the green feed, there seems to be a period from about January to April when the egg yield is not increased by it, and in fact no decided advantage seems to accrue.

It has been shown that housing of dairy cattle in winter as against open shed is not advantageous. The result of a three-year test gave a record in milk of 35,733.3 pounds for the open shed lot, and 35,322.3 pounds for the inside housed lot. During sudden drops in temperature there was a decrease in the yield of both lots, slightly greater in the outside lot. More bedding is necessary for the open shed, but it is less labor to keep clean.

Fall-sown wheat has been shown to out-yield spring-sown and is less subject to rust. Experiments in Arizona showed California Club as the largest yielder among thirteen varieties of spring wheat, followed by Chul and Early Baart thirty-six bushels and Bluestone thirty-five and three-tenths bushels per acre. In the fall-sown wheats of fifteen varieties seeded in the latter part of October, Red Chaff produced fifty-five bushels followed by Bluestem fifty-three and nine-tenths bushels, Turkey Red fifty-one bushels and Kofuld fifty bushels per acre.

Dynamiting soils has not proven of sufficient advantage to get a recommendation. It is, however, sometimes necessary in orchard setting in arid soils.

In a test of twenty-five varieties of corn Sacaton Mexican June led with ninety bushels per acre, Mexican White Flint and White Dent each yielded eighty-five bushels, but sometimes fell as low as ten bushels.

The Australians have been testing North and South American grown wheat, and they conclude that as compared with Australian grain the flour is lacking in bloom, and the dough requires longer time to prove and colored fruit.

Potato plants sometimes form tubers above ground. This is due to the excessive storing of starch resulting from producing starch faster than it can be removed to its more usual situation in the underground potatoes.

In England they have discovered daffodil poisoning from eating the bulbs of the common daffodils used by mistake for onions in the preparation of stews. Severe gastro-intestinal disturbances were experienced, but no deaths resulted.

Spring cover crops look like the coming plan for orchard mulching. Spring vetch seed costs much less than the winter or hairy vetch and is more easily obtained.

The Postmaster-General has the use of an appropriation of \$10,000 to conduct experiments for the purpose of determining the most practical means of extending the parcel post in promoting direct marketing of products, and fostering direct transactions between producers and consumers.

If you contemplate sowing rice plow deep and aerate well for as long as practicable before laying down to seed. This prepares the soil for the strenuous process that rice growing submits it to.

It is not often that we have to go slow with green manure applications. It has been noted that clover seed often fails on what we consider rich nitrogen soil, and in a general way the answer has been that as clover can obtain all the nitrogen it needs from the atmospheric air, and is really a nitrogen producer, it was out of place when seeded to follow itself or its family. Studies have now been made to get data on this question, with the result that it has been shown that freshly turned under green manures of the clover type act injuriously on seed rich in oil, through the development of a soil fungus which grows through the incorporation of the organic matter.

It is reported that 7.4 per cent. of the total cotton crop is of the long staple variety which usually amounts to \$25,000 bales. Arizona produced 90 per cent. long staple; Mississippi 23 per cent.; Missouri 20 per cent.; California 20 per cent.; Arkansas 14.4 per cent.; and Oklahoma 13.5 per cent.

In an article on unprofitable acres J. Q. McDowall sums up: "To meet the growing demand for farm produce we must farm more acres or make each acre produce more." He figures among the unprofitable acres those that may be too small to give the farmer profitable employment, or too large for him to cultivate to the best advantage. To this is added the land held out of cultivation for speculation, and the prohibitive cost or lack of capital to properly clear and drain land. This is in keeping with the conclusions brought out by previous studies of the Department of Agriculture, which show that "a vast number of American farmers are making their homes on impoverished land and are practically without working capital. The outstanding factor in profitable farming in such cases consists of a study of what to do with what they already have. The factors of profit must be toned down to terms of expediency under existing circumstances."

Up in the Utah Mountains some very clever points in irrigation are developed. One with this special notice is in the irrigation of deciduous fruit trees. In this case they had a deep, gravelly soil to deal with and they found that by frequent irrigations, applied about once a week, they produced more twig growth in peach trees with thirty-one acre inches than with sixty-two inches. As regards crops, the frequent application of water produced the most fruit, and no amount of water applied early in the season will compensate for lack of water during the month before harvest. High color of fruit was associated with late watering and insufficient irrigation produced poor

SOME REMINISCENCES OF A HOMESTEADER.

His Trials and Successes. By Arthur Preston Hankins.

THIS story is written on the 1st of January, 1917. A year ago today I wrote for the Times Illustrated Weekly an article entitled, "Homesteading in the Mountains." I recall ending that article in some such manner as the following:

"So far, I have raised nothing on my homestead but a crop of whiskers—the pride of my life. But next year—wait!"

It will readily be seen that I purposely left open an avenue for a sequel. I meant to put a year's serious effort on my claim in the mountains, and then tell the readers of this magazine of the wonders my wife and I had accomplished with such a vexatious beginning.

That beginning will be remembered by those who read my little story of a year ago—our long horseback trip into the cold snows of the Baldwin Lake country, in the San Bernardino Mountains; pack-bags empty of grub; no feed for our saddle ponies and the pack burro; five months on the desert waiting for the snows to melt in the mountains; the trip back at last, with a cheerful (?) May snowstorm to greet us; two weeks living in a hastily thrown up lean-to, shivering with cold, snowed in, and with the writer suffering from the worst toothache a tooth ever developed.

We had thought our troubles over when at last the sun came out and we were able to build our cabin. But they had only just begun.

We were packing our water for drinking and cooking purposes in coal oil cans from the lake, nearly half a mile away. Obviously, then, one of the first tasks confronting us was the sinking of a well. We borrowed an eight-inch hand borer from a neighbor and set to work.

That borer was all right till it struck a small stone. Any stone from the size of a walnut to that of a gontee flapjack would stop it dead. Then we would twist and perspire, and my wife would say, "Well, I never!" What I said doesn't matter. From somewhere down in the bowels of the earth there would come a protesting groan and the thing would refuse to move. For days it would hang on a little stone no bigger than your fist, till our twisting and churning would annihilate the boulder by the process of erosion.

Well, we attained a depth of thirty-eight feet in about twice thirty-eight days. In the meantime my father and mother had come up into the mountains to visit us. Dad took one twist on the well borer when it was acting up—the difficulty was to make it act down—and said his nervous system was too complicated for the work.

Dad said we'd never strike water anyway. So said all the old-timers in the mountains.

"Well," I replied, "the fact remains that there never has been a well dug on this identical spot. So how do you know we'll not strike water?"

We struck it at thirty-four feet. Have you ever experienced the supreme pleasure of saying, "I told you so!" The upper lip should be curled up slightly and the eyebrows should be a trifle elevated. A little shrug is also said to be most effective.

By this time we had progressed to the dignity of a hired man. He was only a boy, but a pretty manly boy—so "hired man" goes. He had helped me during the last stages on the well boring, so my wife found time to wash up the accumulated dishes.

But now he and I struck a rock which refused to be eroded. We worked at it for about a week, then gave it up. We had no well casing, so were afraid to use dynamite lest the earth cave and swallow our efforts.

"Well," I said, "we've struck water. We know our future efforts will not be in vain. We'll wipe the slate, return the borer with thanks, and dig a well five feet in diameter, on this very spot, with pick and shovel.

So we rigged a windlass and sunk to a depth of forty-five feet, obtaining about ten feet of water.

It was a distinct triumph. Our well was the only one in the neighborhood. We could imagine the neighbors pointing out our place to visiting relatives, and remarking: "The Hankinses live there. Our leading citizens. They have a well." It was hard not to be uppish over the thing. My wife simply couldn't refrain from bringing that well into her conversation with her

women friends of the mountains. "Yesterday, when I was down at the well for a bucket of water," etc., or, "You still haul your water from the lake, do you? We used to, but since we have a well I don't know how we ever managed to get along before." Subtle creatures, eh, these women?

But our herculean achievement had demanded its price. It had required all summer to dig that well. Now fall was near at hand, and practically no land had been cleared for seeding.

After a conference we decided that to clear and seed that fall was out of the question. So we contented ourselves with building a road and stringing fences. We would be obliged to buy hay, anyway, for the winter; and next spring there would be plenty of pasture down by the lake, now that we had fenced a portion of the lake-front against roaming cattle.

We bought an old stable at Doble, the deserted mining camp about two miles from our land, wrecked it, hauled it to the homestead and erected it again—a better stable than before. We bought \$95 worth of hay for the winter. Our stable was not large enough to house this, so we stacked it close at hand and fondly imagined it would shed water. I have discovered that there are people in this world who know more than I do about toppling off a haystack so that it will shed water—which is at least a feeble step toward knowledge.

We had hauled in our winter wood, and there was little more than the hired man could do. So he betook himself to his home in Los Angeles and left us to our fate. Our winter's supply of grub we had freighted into the mountains—had seventy-two pounds of butter put down in brine in a fifteen-gallon stone jar, had two cases of eggs greased to preserve them, and hams and bacon hung in alluring array in the cave I had dug.

That cave, by the way, was almost as great an institution as the well. I had dug it just after finishing the cabin early in the spring. It was four feet deep, covered with slabs and old corrugated iron, with a peaked roof high enough to allow one to stand upright. The ridgepole was a green cedar tree felled by yours truly in the primeval forest. My wife and I had carried that thing 1000 miles, over hills and through 1000 canyons. Yes, the cave was an institution—but great was the fall thereof.

Now came winter. There was some snow to begin with, but it does not play an important part in this chronicle. What I want to ask is, Do you remember that rain last winter? I never shall forget it. I had labored under the delusion that it always snowed in the mountains.

Well, it rained for thirty-six straight hours. It came slantwise from the south and stabbed straight to the middle of that \$95 stack of hay. Then the wind changed and it came from the north—and stabbed straight to the center and got the remaining \$47.50 worth of that \$95 stack of hay.

But it didn't change to the north until it had finished with that famous cave. Along in the damp early hours of the second morning of the deluge my wife rose from bed and ducked into the cave for eggs for our breakfast.

"Hankie," she said as she hurried back into the cabin, "the cave is leaking. One wall of it is all wet."

"Let her leak!" I retorted and went to sleep again.

But I dreamed about the matter and finally arose and went down to have a look.

I arrived just in time to see the south wall begin crumbling and a deluge of foamy mud come cooing down inside. I ran on deck and found a two-by-four. Back inside, I thrust the timber under one of the slabs of the roof which was slowly sagging down and creaking warningly as it came.

Just in time! One second later and someone, I think I know right well, would have been buried alive under several tons of various things. But the single two-by-four held the entire roof until I could rush out into the storm for more supports. But I couldn't keep the dirt wall in place. It slipped down and covered the floor of the cave, and half of our groceries, under two feet of mud and slush.

Breakfastless I set to work in hip boots carrying those stores into the cabin. The

canned goods were not damaged, but the eggs were buried and were not rescued until two weeks later. Meantime the rain came down in sheets. The ground was frozen solid and the water ran off in rivers to the lake.

I had no more than finished with the stores when my wife came with the information that surface water was running into the well and threatening to cave it in. I had foolishly left the earth taken from the well in a semicircle about it—on the lower side at that. There was no outlet and a lake three feet deep formed about the well curb. I don't know much, anyway.

I set to work to release it and encountered frozen ground as solid as a rock. For hours, with the rain drenching me to the skin, I swung a pick in an effort to dig a trench through the banked-up soil. I completed it at last, and out rushed the yellow water just in time to prevent the entire mouth of the well from caving in and taking the curb down with it.

Then we had breakfast. It was 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

When bright weather came at last we spread out the haystack to dry. We saved probably a fourth of the entire amount, and straightway put the stock on short rations. Obtaining more hay that winter was out of the question, but in some mysterious way we pulled through till the roads were open.

The lake had risen six feet from that single rainstorm, and the water was still pouring into it from the swollen streams racing down from the higher canyons. Our pasture land was completely covered. We would be obliged to buy hay all next summer.

Now I had twelve acres cleared and plowed. I seeded eight acres to oats, two to Grimm alfalfa and put in an experimental plot of two acres where I seeded kaoliang, Sudan grass, several varieties of dryland alfalfa and sweet clover. I also set out a number of currant and gooseberry bushes, hazelnuts and Delaware grapes.

The oats and alfalfa came up on the jump. It began to look as if we would have our own hay the following winter. But cold winds developed just at the critical stage. They swept over the fields day after day, chilling the young plants or covering them with sand. One by one my hazelnut bushes succumbed. Every grapevine died. Half the gooseberry bushes withered and grew dry and hard. The currants alone lived through the siege, and one of them bore five berries. A bird whose name I neglected to get relieved us of the labor of harvesting this crop. I suspect Mr. California Linnet, but my evidence is incomplete.

There was ample moisture to bring our forage crops to maturity. But the cold winds stunted the early growth of the plants and dried the soil near the surface. Consequently the root system did not develop and the roots were not thrifty enough to go down to where moisture remained. Down by the lake, where the land did not dry out so rapidly, I had a good crop of oats; but at that I think the seed was of poor stock, because, while each plant was vigorous, the stand was thin.

For the champion fighter of the plant world, give me alfalfa. Those tiny plants would thrust their heads through the surface only to be covered with the sifting sands. A few days and they would be up again, but once more the sand would cover them or cut them off entirely. And this continued through May and June. Perhaps half of the two acres seeded to alfalfa will make a stand, the rest is covered with dwarfed and stunted plants, which I think will not be able to live through the winter.

But we had a garden—believe me, we had a garden! An Indian garden, the neighbors called it, but it delivered green goods on which no government official would frown.

We had given up hopes of a garden. We had spent all our money—improbable as this may sound—on clearing for the bigger crops. And how could we have a garden anyway without irrigation?

"Hankie," said the wife one day in June, "it's always moist down on the lakeshore. Why not sow our vegetable seed down there?"

"It's covered with sage," I objected. "We can't afford to have any more cleared;

and besides, the land's too moist down there to hold up a team. And I'll be dog-goned if I swing a mattock any more this year. I've got to be writing some yarns to make sure of next winter's grub."

"But look here," she pointed out; "the sage bushes down there are three or four feet apart. Why not just plant teeny little patches here and there between the bushes?"

Resourcefulness, thy name is Woman! Women are said to be more primitive than men. I believe this to be true. The man of today demands complete equipment in order to accomplish his tasks. If he is obliged to make a loose chair rung stay in place, he requires a complete set of tools from a broadax to a turning lathe. This primitive instinct in woman, on the other hand, causes her to utilize whatever tool is near. She'll jerk off her right shoe and taking it by the toe, hammer that chair rung in place with the high French heel while the man is looking up "carpenters' tools" in the index of the mail-order catalogue. "Now, what'll we do for a door-knob?" I'll say, scratching my head in the midst of some structural job. And the wife will come back: "Saw a big pool in two in the middle and you've got two door-knobs, Hankie." We have a cupboard nailed up so confounded high on the wall that no one can reach the catch at the top of the door. While I'm pulling my hair and wondering where the infernal ladder is, my wife will calmly hook the handle of the pancake turner over that catch, pull down, and with an "open sesame," obtain the longed-for result.

All this applies to that garden. We went down and planted radishes, turnips, beets, corn, potatoes, onions—the regulation outfit—between the sage bushes. We had dozens and dozens of little patches covering nearly an acre of ground. Some were not bigger than a washtub. Ten beets, ten turnips, a half-dozen hills of potatoes, a two-foot string of lettuce or radishes or onions—that's the way we did it. I expect to find miniature garden beds heretofore undiscovered for the next ten years down there by the lake in the shoulder-high sage. And the bushes protected the green things from the cold wind. The moisture remained ample throughout the summer. And we ate vegetables grown on our own land.

Then came harvest time. The stage setting was all that could be desired. The harvest moon was on the job, big-faced and expectant. The reapers foregathered. The sickles were whetted. My wife and I stopped humming everything but "Bringing in the Sheaves."

But something was wrong. For some time I had suspected it. There was too much ground visible between those slender stocks of oats. My neighbor, who, among other things, knows more about ranching than I do, solemnly shook his head.

"You can cut it," he said, "but can you find it afterward?"

We cut it. Funny where it all went to. It seemed to just fall before the sickle and melt into the ground. We tried to rake it, but there were more rake teeth than stalks of hay. We tried to fork it in cocks, but we averaged about one cock the size of a moving-picture cowboy's hat every 150 yards.

"Pull it out by the roots," advised an old cattleman. "Hay's hay up here."

So we sent the mower away and began pulling it by the roots.

But this was too primitive even for the wife. We pulled for an hour or more, then sat down on the ground and looked at our sheaves. Then we looked off over the lake.

The harvest was over.

I bought hay again to feed the stock this winter.

Meantime, however, I had been working for a postoffice.

It has always seemed to me that the one great aim of a writer should be to be appointed postmaster. Think of handling the incoming mail yourself—so no one can see how many manuscripts a fellow gets back. A postman, has always been the one person I dare not look straight in the eye.

I told my troubles to Washington in the month of April. Washington sent me a petition to be signed by the people who wanted the office. There are about twenty-four families in our neighborhood now, and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-ONE)

ORCHARD AND FARM, RANCHO AND RANGE
CALIFORNIA, LAND OF FRUITS AND FLOWERS
Real Life by the Great Western Sea.
Phosphorus as Plant Food. By Thomas C. Wallace.

First Blush of Spring.

THE people down in the Imperial Valley, that wonderful section in South-eastern California, are now rejoicing right in the middle of January in the blush of spring spreading over everything. "Winter is over in the Imperial Valley" is the way the correspondent of The Times writes under date of January 13. Winter lasts down there but from a day to a week, at most a month. Of course there is no such thing as winter really in the valley, nor for that matter in any part of the Great Southwest excepting at high mountain altitudes.

When everything below the mountain regions in the East away to the Atlantic Coast is gripped in the icy fingers of real winter, in the Imperial Valley the fruit buds are swelling, and the farmers are busy planting 3000 acres of early fruits and vegetables. They are already putting in potatoes which will be harvested in six weeks or two months. This crop will be followed soon by lettuce, peas, then strawberries, next tomatoes and next peppers. By the first of March the dinner tables at the East will be furnished with fresh vegetables from this sun-kissed California valley. The farmers expect to bank \$3,000,000 out of these early crops.

This is the way prosperity comes down there and one new industry calls for another. In Brawley a new ice plant with a capacity of 400 tons a day has been built, chiefly to serve the growers of fruits and vegetables. The California Vegetable Union is installing an ice crusher and elevator to be ready to handle the lettuce crop of 450 acres just west of the city. The cantaloupe men at Brawley expect to ship 4000 cars of that fruit this year, followed by about 600 cars of watermelons. Probably 150 acres of strawberries are now being planted.

Glory of the Southwest.

KICKED out of their homes by old Jack Frost, eastern people are running in a great flood to enjoy the winter sunbeams of Southern California. The Great Southwest has opened her arms to receive this crowd of tourists with a warm welcome. Never before has the Southwest been more attractive. Nearly every part of every valley in this section of the country is accessible by as good roads as speed-mad motorists ever ran over.

Pomona, in the very heart of the rich valley, warns the tourists that now is the time of all times to enjoy a sight of the orange groves of Southern California. The trees are hanging thickly covered with luscious golden fruit that will be picked now every day until June or July. The cold nights and warm days of the last two weeks have colored the fruit very highly, and of course that on the outer branches, which is the most highly-colored, is picked first. It makes an inspiring sight to people from regions where everything is dead under a shroud of snow to see the thousands of acres of trees set with such uniform regularity, with long smooth lanes of road running along them and every tree laden with golden oranges.

The pay roll of the orange shippers and packers in Southern California is said to be worth about \$50,000 a day. Good packing-house workers are getting from \$3.50 to \$3.80 per day. Some expert packers are earning \$6 a day right through the season. At San Dimas near Pomona the managers estimate the pay roll for packing will amount to \$100,000 during the winter and spring.

A Native Daughter?

MIS BESSIE ALBERTA KANE is the teacher of the Lone Pine school near Marysville up in the Sacramento Valley. Soon after this girl's school opened after the Christmas holidays the children reported a mountain lion following them on their way to and from the schoolhouse. The wild animal was driven from the mountains by the severe snows about New Year's time and became a menace to the little children on their way to and from school. Miss Kane showed the spirit of the West and demonstrated the probability that she is a native daughter, for, instead of complaining of the presence of the wild animal, she accosted a beamster who lent her a shotgun. This the brave girl kept in the schoolhouse for protection. One day the lion, driven probably

by fierce hunger, came to the door of the schoolhouse and tried to get in. Miss Kane quietly warned the children to keep quiet and stay in their seats, then went to the door and blazed away with both barrels of the shotgun right into the face of the lion, killing it instantly. The animal was a monster, measuring nine feet from tip of nose to tip of tail. Some lion, that was, and some courageous girl was Miss Kane.

Great American Hog.

FOR many years the greatness of the American hog has been proverbial throughout America and Europe. We have made many a fat, satisfying meal for the poorer people of both continents in the way of fat pork, and for epicures in the ways of hams and bacon, spare ribs and sausages. The American hog had his day in Los Angeles Thursday and Friday of the current week, when breeders of swine from all parts of the State met in annual convention of the California Swine Breeders' Association. In addition to the swine breeders, the packers took part in the discussions of the day, thus bringing both interests of the swine industry into accord.

For a short period of time some fifty years ago the American hog was non grata to people of both hemispheres. That was when the trichina got into his system, and in spite of all curing and cooking this terrible microbe got into the internal economy of those who fed upon the American hog. That is a thing of the past, forgotten by everyone except a few old-timers. American intelligence and ingenuity soon got around the difficulty of the trichina spiralis. Better breeds of pigs were gotten, growing rapidly and maturing in less than a year. About ten months is the average life of the American pig nowadays, and by that age he has acquired a weight of about 300 pounds. Mr. Piggy is not dirty of inclination, but is as clean as most animals if only given an opportunity. At the present price it pays to take care of Mr. Pig, for he is worth about 10 cents a pound on foot, or a pig weighing 300 pounds is worth about \$30. His meat is as sweet as that of spring lamb, much cleaner than the average chicken. If Moses were writing his laws of health today he would recommend the American pig highly to all the children of Israel.

The California Swine Breeders' Association met to discuss the best methods of raising his pigship, the best breeds, the best methods of marketing. Simultaneously with this meeting we read of a man down in the Imperial Valley where the pig is one of the aristocrats of the country who imported a mamma pig from Ohio that cost him \$300. This aristocratic denizen of the pen simply comes from a breed of fast-growing pigs which makes her worth so near her weight in gold.

California Wine Crop.

THE Federal government collects a handsome tax from the wine growers of California. Every wine grower has to make a return to the internal revenue collector of his district. The district surrounding Los Angeles has just made its report of the last crop of wine, which is reported to be the largest in the history of the wine industry in this part of the State. The internal revenue collector estimates that the district will pay into the treasury of the United States \$654,000. This includes the collecting of a tax of 10 cents a gallon on brandy used in fortifying sweet wines, 4 cents a gallon on dry wines and 10 cents a gallon on sweet. The total production of sweet wine for the season is said to aggregate 4,077,889.31 gallons. Port wine leads with nearly half of this, sherry following with more than a third. Angelica comes next, followed by muscatel. Marsala, a new blend perfected by the winemakers, is credited with nearly 19,000 gallons, malaga with a little over 22,000.

Linking the Continents.

THE Union Oil Company has perfected all its plans and is now busy carrying them out, to make a great oil refinery at the Los Angeles harbor to make oil products for export, mostly to South America. This necessitated the purchase of a tract of 234

acres, with a frontage of about 800 feet on tide land owned by the city. Along this are to be constructed great wharves for loading and unloading steamers. The superintendent of the oil company is authority for the declaration that Southern California is now shipping the limit of its capacity to South America, and to meet the demand must have more refining facilities for this trade. Dredging the channel will cost \$250,000, to be paid either by the city or the company. The products will be mostly lubricating oils, which later will be followed by kerosene. When the works are open they will give employment to 200 men at first, increasing as the plant is developed. Meantime the work of construction will furnish employment for a much larger number of men.

Trade With South America.

RIGHT in line with the information in the preceding paragraph comes news of the establishing of a storage station on Valparaiso Bay in Chile by the Union Oil Company of California to accommodate its oil trade with that part of South America. A few weeks ago the steamer Cordelia pumped 5000 tons of California crude oil into the tanks of this newest South American storage station. The station was constructed at a cost of \$187,000 gold. This is the fifth installation to be made in Chile, and other storage stations are being located in other parts of South America.

This is very important in developing the trade between us and South America. The Chilean nitrate industry has been saved from demoralization by this enterprise of the Union Oil Company. For had not this fuel been sent, the Chilean nitrate business would have been a complete failure. These great tank steamers of the California company will make a deep impression on the minds of South Americans as they see the flag flying over their mastheads with a battery of fifty-horse-power engines and two powerful pumps unloading the great tank steamers at the rate of 250 barrels an hour.

Opportunity Plus Pluck.

TWO years as a cattle rancher in Arizona brought prosperity and happiness to J. L. Neal. He was here at the Roslyn Hotel the other day on his honeymoon, laughing at the suggestion that a young man cannot get rich as fast today as he could some time ago. Opportunity came to young Neal, backing his pluck. He had experience and training as a cattle man in his youth, and coming to Arizona he impressed a banker with his ability, who backed him in his enterprise, and at the end of two years he is worth \$40,000 and has a bride to boot.

Joining Land and Water.

THE N. and J. E. Allen Company of Chicago have secured a tract of 15,000 acres of unfarmed land in Fresno county, between Hanford and Coalinga. All the matter with the land is that it lacks water, and this the company propose to supply, so they have awarded to the Bent Brothers of Los Angeles city the contract for installing an irrigation pipe line on the land. They say that 125 miles of concrete pipe, mostly sixteen-inch, will be laid in the tract. The contract calls for the laying of half a mile of pipe a day. Sixteen wells are already sunk, and others will be sunk as they are needed. The company proposes to try out the land and prove it before putting it on the market.

Look Out for the Weather.

ON SUNDAY, January 14, in the vital statistics of The Times there appeared an unusually long list of deaths, numbering nearly seventy-five. Of these nearly a score were more than 70 years old. The list of deaths for two weeks in Los Angeles has been unusually long, and has numbered a great many elderly people, some very old ones. The list of the pioneers has been very badly thinned by these departures in the first two weeks of January. Indeed, this shutting off the mortal coil began right after Christmas, and in three weeks to the middle of sunshine until many of them reach ex-threescore and over left this world for the happy hunting grounds beyond. Among others who departed were a great many of the old soldiers down at Sawtelle. These old gray men of battle are showing their tough-

ness in insisting upon staying in this land of sunshine until many of them reach extreme ages. Most of the deaths at the institution are of men over 70, some of them reaching nearly 90 years old.

The weather has had a good deal to do with this, for in spite of the fact that this is the center of the sunshine map of the country, and in spite of the mildness and salubrity of the climate, chilly days will come here, and when they do come there is extreme danger to people whose vitality is reduced by the years, as well as all others of weak constitution. In discussing this matter with a skillful and philosophical physician of the city the other day the writer learned that the reason of this great mortality among the elderly people of the city was because of their obstinate confidence in their ability to resist any evil influence affecting their health. The physician said he had had a good many among his own patients and had lost them because they refused to go to bed and stay there. Colds have been very prevalent, many of them taking the form of the grip in the three weeks of comparatively severe weather that have afflicted this section of the country. This physician insisted that at least half of them, possibly a good many more, might have prolonged their lives if they had only consented to take care of their health, and the best way to do this, in his opinion, was to take to the bed and keep it.

Revives Our Trade.

FEBRUARY 24. Japanese steamships will begin operations between the Los Angeles harbor and South American ports. Word has been received in Los Angeles that a Japanese steamship company is completing plans for the construction of a shipyard in Japan where seven new vessels, one of 25,000 tons, and others running down as low as 10,000 tons' capacity, are to be built. The total cost of the yard and of the ships is placed at \$13,500. Now let no uneducated person get up and howl at the shortsightedness of the American business man or capitalist for letting Japan get away with our foreign trade. The fault lies not with the people but with the government of the United States. Our shipping laws must be revised very radically and encouragement given to American ships instead of discouragement if we are to wrest this profitable business from the hands of our rivals.

Japan can build ships and operate ships at much less cost than we can in this country, as the Japanese government subsidizes every line of steamers on the seven seas. Our semi-socialistic politicians foolishly listen to Andrew Furuseth and other people of the same shallow minds and put every kind of obstacle in the way of our shipping. When the people elect competent persons to do their legislation, then we shall have encouragement to shipping instead of discouragement, and then the American flag will be found in every port of the globe.

Why not a Cotton Factory?

THE other day there sailed from Tacoma a Japanese steamer with a cargo of cotton estimated to be of a value of \$200,000. This is to be followed by another Japanese steamer with a similar amount of cotton fiber. This is meant to run the spindles of Japanese factories in Tokio. This \$200,000 worth of cotton, if manufactured here, is worth well over \$1,000,000. The Imperial Valley in Southeastern California, parts of Arizona and other localities in the Great Southwest, produce an abundance of cotton of the finest staple known in the world, and surely there ought to be a way of using this at home in our own factories.

A Wise Movement.

THE Department of the Interior has sent out word to the supervisor of the Sequoia National Forest that permits are to be issued this season for grazing about 40,000 head of stock in the park pastures. These permits provide for the grazing of 30,000 head of cattle, 2300 head of swine, and about 4000 head of sheep. The fees have been slightly increased to 33 cents per head for cattle, \$1.10 for horses, 66 cents for swine, and 22 cents for sheep or goats. At the present price of meats it is wise to permit the grazing of as many cattle as possible in the national forests.

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JUNIPERO SERRA HAS MANY MEMORIALS.

Not to be Forgotten. By Allen Henry Wright.

IT IS safe to say that no other character in history has been the subject of so many memorials within the bounds of a single State as has Padre Junipero Serra, the intrepid founder of the long chain of Franciscan missions along the coast of California.

The exposition city of San Diego, where, in 1769, was established the Mission of San Diego de Alcalá, thereby making a start to the settlement and wonderful growth of the present State of California, has no less than three memorials to Padre Serra.

Within the grounds of the Panama-California International Exposition thousands of visitors have looked upon the memorial

were familiar. Only recently a bronze tablet, set in granite, was dedicated to Padre Serra's memory on one of the beautiful lawns at the exposition.

Then, out on Presidio Hill, in Old Town, as that section of San Diego where the first mission was set up is now known, there is now to be seen a great cross, known as the Serra Cross, which was built several years ago from the very bricks which the Franciscans had made and used and which had been buried in the soil of the hill top since the time the first location was abandoned for one further up the San Diego River Valley, where one now sees the ruins of the later San Diego mission. An organization which

here again are found lasting memorials to Padre Serra.

Near the entrance to the government military reservation is a large stone monument, bearing upon its face a cross and a representation of the old mission at Monterey. Further up the slope, toward the Presidio grounds, one comes to a more pretentious memorial, showing Padre Serra as he is leaving a small boat, preparatory to beginning his ministry among the aborigines. Tablets tell the following:

"Here, June 4, 1770, landed Very Rev. Father Junipero Serra, O.S.F., and founded the following missions: San Diego, July 16, 1769; San Carlos, Monterey, June 3,

scenes of the labors of this pioneer of the church on the Pacific Coast.

Beneath the altar of the famous old mission of Carmel, a few miles out from the city of Monterey, is where Padre Serra was laid to rest when his work was finished, and the student of the Pacific Coast history finds much of interest in visiting the scenes associated with the close of that career, but this article is to deal only with the Serra memorials. Returning to Monterey, after the interesting drive, one visits the Monterey Mission church, and there, in the yard, finds the stump of a tree upon which is a tablet stating that under the oak the padre con-



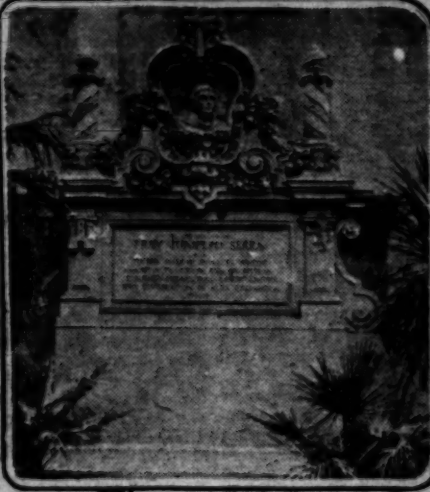
Junipero Serra statue at Monterey, Cal.



Cross to memory of Father Serra, Monterey.



Belfry and stone stair-case, Carmel Mission.



At San Diego Exposition.



Monument in Golden Gate Park.



Bronze memorial at San Diego Exposition.



At Miramar.



Serra cross at San Diego.

tablet which was set up on the west facade of one of the most prominent buildings. Beneath the bust, set in a niche, the whole being in bas relief style, appears the following inscription:

"To the Memory of
FRAY JUNIPERO SERRA

and
To his fellow pioneers whose
Saintly devotion and dauntless
Courage established Christianity
and Civilization in Alta California.
1769-1913."

On other buildings, too, will be found numerous designs which commemorate the work of the Franciscan fathers, and many of the buildings themselves were copied after styles of architecture with which they

was formed in San Diego for the purpose of exploiting the exposition and, at the same time, keeping alive the interest in the historical, has this unique service to its credit. At the Serra Cross services are held annually in honor of the Franciscan leader.

Out at Miramar, the country home of E. W. Scripps, the well-known newspaper publisher, is another Serra memorial, showing a heroic figure in the Franciscan garb, done in bronze and mounted on a granite pedestal.

Then, going on up the coast, past the missions of San Luis Rey, San Juan Capistrano, San Gabriel, San Buenaventura and Santa Barbara, along the great highway, known as El Camino Real, following closely the old route of the Franciscans, the traveler comes to the old town of Monterey, and

1770; San Antonio de Padua, July 4, 1771; San Gabriel, September 8, 1771; San Luis Obispo, September 1, 1772; San Francisco de los Dolores, October 9, 1776; San Juan Capistrano, November 1, 1776; Santa Clara, January 18, 1777; San Buenaventura, March 21, 1782, and died August 28, 1784, in San Carlos Mission, Carmel Valley. As the Lord liveth, even what my God saith that will I speak' 2 Chronicles, xviii:13.

"This monument erected by Jane L. Stanford in the year 1891, in memory of Father Junipero Serra, a philanthropist seeking the welfare of the humblest; a hero, daring and ready to sacrifice himself for the good of his fellow beings; a faithful servant of His Master."

There is a majesty about this figure which appeals to one who has visited the

ducted the ceremony of taking possession of the country in the name of Spain.

Farther north, in San Francisco, the visitor to Golden Gate Park finds another memorial, showing the majestic figure of Padre Serra, one hand bearing the uplifted cross, with the other in the attitude of benediction. There is an air of sanctity about this monument which forces the passer-by to stop and think of the noble work of its subject, and it, with the other memorials along the coast, makes certain that the memory of Padre Serra will ever be kept alive.

[Town Topics:] Ned: Scribner's last book shows he doesn't think much of kings and queens.

Ted: Just the same he has an eye out for the royalties all the time.

SENT BY THE CARRIER-PIGEON ROUTE.
Profitable Love. By Fred F. Johnson.
FOR THE SETTLEMENT OF SOME SCORES.
An Affair of Honor. By Idwal Jones.
UNCLE HINCKLEY closed the garden gate behind him, waved us a farewell with his cane, then, setting himself in slow motion, progressed down the lane, turned round the clump of elders at the corner, and disappeared. We two were still seated on the front porch of the cabin, the effulgence from the West—for the sun was now hanging low over the purple bulk of Table Mountain—lighting up the windows and our faces with its gold and crimson. There was the shine of a lifelong affection in Mr. Hance's eyes. "Hinckley's getting along in years," he murmured, with nods of profound and sorrowful conviction. He gave a glance at the foot of the recently vacated chair; some pieces of a broken clay were scattered on the floor. "Dropped his pipe," he went on, "and talked much about his father; sure signs, sure signs." He shook his head. "And yet Hinckley and I are of an age." He became silent. Moved by a premonition, I rose to go. Today is the sixtieth anniversary of his duel with Uncle Hinckley; I know the yarn by heart, but being now past 80, Bill sometimes forgets that. He tells it pretty well, though, and it will do no harm to say I think he is as perfectly veracious an old chronicler as ever was. "Sit down," he said briefly, pointing with his brier to my chair. He fixed me with his reminiscent eye. "Did I ever tell you that Hinckley and I once—"

"It was the seventh year after the great rush. I had arrived early in the summer with a party of Missourians; we had come by the overland route, got here to the foothills, and located in that gulch that you see there to the west. I was fortunate enough to have a fair claim pegged out—a pebbly tract near the stream, hard shoveling, but dependable for a small ounce a day. Across the stream, and, therefore, the next claim to mine, was Hinckley Daley's.

"Picture Hinckley then as a powerful, lurching, olive-skinned youth; handsome in a gloomy way, reserved, and with little love for company. He was to me then, however, what he is now, my closest friend. He had been dragged up as a lad on a Mississippi steamboat—no ideal nursery that—and the associates of those days—well, high-booted gentry, with their hanging mustaches, long black cigars, red-liquoring and gambling—had bent the twig their own oblique way. Play was his all-absorbing passion, and once he set himself to the table, he rarely quit it before gray dawn. But cards had nothing to do with our breach.

"The two great diversions of our gulch were dancing and gambling, with much liquor as accompaniment to both. To while away time in the first we resorted to Esteban's, the Peruvian, and in the other to the Golden Horn, owned by Benjy Weed. Benjy comes in later.

"One evening Madame LePape, a French widow who took in washing and boarders, went into her garden and picked a number of fine lilies. She had the knack of horticulture, and that came in often handy, poor thing, for the family exchequer was frequently very low. She put them into a basket and sent her small Jules over to Esteban's to get a dollar for them—if he could. He got there just as I reached the fandango myself, with Hinckley striding close behind.

"How much, little boy?" I asked him.

"A dollar," said he.

"I took over the lilies, counted them, found them a dozen, and gave him \$12. Jules gasped at the money he got, then ran off home as fast as he could. I never corrected the mistake; it wasn't more than I could stand.

"Hinckley's face was glowering, I thought. 'Those flowers—perhaps you can tell me who they are for?' He muttered the words rather than spoke them, and his step lagged, as though he expected me to halt before replying. But we proceeded up the steps slowly.

"Perhaps you can guess," I said, holding his lowering eye steadily with mine. 'They are for Luisa.'

"Luisa was Esteban's only daughter. She was ten years our senior; an obese, not over-bright creature, with a bovine fixity of gaze and largeness of eye, a heavily-shaded upper lip, and a triple pearl necklace. Her strength was Amazonian, her temper at times really dreadful, and she had been known, on occasions of a great rumpus, to clean out the whole house with her own fair fists. She presided at the bar when her papa fittingly succumbed almost daily to his own awful brandy. Well, this was the charmer we were at odds over. And upon her, one of us, perhaps not the lesser fool of the two, bestowed that evening the symbolic gift of lilies! It seems incredible now. But Luisa Esteban has been dead these fifty years. I'll show you the site of the fandango one of these days; there's rank mallow growing on the spot, some flowering aniseed, a crumbling fragment of wood, nothing else.

"Hinckley and I saw each other after that as often as before; but it was months before a word passed between us again. I have said that his diggings and mine adjoined. The little brook of sluggish water, much muddled by countless sluicings up above, and all the services exacted of it throughout the length of its harassed course, was all that separated us. It was here no more than two yards wide; and sometimes, washing and panning out our stuff, we squatted on its banks directly opposite each other for hours on end. I had long ceased to occupy my head with Luisa, and I am sure she never felt the difference. It was otherwise with Hinckley. Perhaps the lad saw in her something more than I had seen; I am not very sure. But even at this day I think I feel a sudden gravity in the light flow of his reminiscences when one incident or another brings him near to uttering this long-vanished woman's name. The next time I saw Jules, flowers in hand, before Esteban's door, I gave his young head a cuff and told him henceforth to keep away.

"One night both Hinckley and I were at the Golden Horn. Our credit was always good at the Golden Horn. Benjy was a Missourian himself, and wont, therefore, to treat our lot with much partiality, and whenever we were short on legal tender he would just chalk up our account on the blackboard behind the bar, and wait indifferently until the next clean-up. What a fine old gentleman he was! He was a patriarch, tall and nobly-built, with a long Mosaic beard, white as snow, sweeping down a stalwart chest. It seemed incongruous to call him Benjy; but that name we applied to him in genuine affection, and it was never sounded on the lips of a stranger. Frequently he tacked about three sheets to the wind, but his manners were never-faillingly courteous. He drew corks with the dignity of one performing a sublimated rite. He had a golden trumpet of a voice, affected a splendor of diction reminiscent of Paradise Lost, and at funerals—affairs at which he was in great demand, and which were considered dismal failures without him—he was as good as a bishop.

"I was taking a hand in a game of pinochle. At the next table, with his back toward me, was Hinckley, playing with some strangers; and curled up under his chair was a yellow dog that for some days past had been tagging at his heels on the chance of ultimate adoption. Before that dog was an hour older, the instinct for migration stirred within it; it rose, nosed its way unobserved under our table, and there made itself comfortable. Unwittingly I brought my heel down heavily on its stamp of a tail, and in immediate retaliation it sank its teeth into my leg. I jumped up, caught it full in the midriff with my boot and catapulted it whence it came. You can hardly imagine how shrilly it yelped and kly'd. I stood up in a roomful of black looks, and since I had received my bite in silence, I was to all appearance, the aggressor. Hinckley rose slowly.

"He stared at me, gripped the back of his chair, and breathed hard. 'You kicked my dog,' he articulated, with his chest heaving. He was nodding his head slowly, as though filled with awe at the enormity of the deed.

"It bit me," I said. 'It's a curious thing.' I remarked, with irascible severity, 'that you are permitted to be in charge of such an animal.' My wound was smarting like blazes.

"I still wonder how those words came to be framed on my tongue. For a perceptible moment he appeared to be astounded, taken aback, by the remark. Incredulity, then anger, flickered across his face. Prompted by a similar movement on his part, my hand went quickly to my holster.

"The stentorian voice that roared out a halt was Benjy's; he landed upon us in a great flurry of snowy beard, got a powerful grip on our collars, and marched us off like a couple of delinquent schoolboys. Once inside his stuffy little back office he plucked the pistols from our holsters, tossed them into a corner, closed the door, and told us please to be seated.

"I can see that room yet. It was surprising what complete chaos could reign in so small a place. There were some chairs, a broken table, a tall clock—heaven only knows how it came across the plains—an iron safe, balances for weighing gold-dust, rolls of carpet, tumbled stacks of books consorted with old shoes and clothing, all piled on top of an elaborate Chinese coffin; on the wall was a portrait of a frail-looking girl of about 18, with a massive gilt frame around it, like a shrine. In the midst of all these splendors the old man sat like a biblical king, and with much earnest counseling and admonishment, endeavored to make us see how foolish we had acted, and how easily and amicably the trouble could be adjusted.

"But it wasn't much use. Things had gone a little too far, and the grievance clamored for immediate settlement in hot blood. Then Benjy took the responsibility upon his own shoulders. If it was a duel we wanted, why, a duel we should have. He had officiated at scores, he assured us solemnly, and with the exception of a very few cases, both parties had received entire satisfaction. He arranged the matter for us. We were to meet at 6 in the morning; the rendezvous was the spire of rock you see sticking up in the woods yonder; the weapons, muzzle-loaders. One shot apiece at the distance of twenty paces, he pointed out, would be all that would be required.

"You leave everything to me, my boys," he said kindly. 'I will furnish the weapons and the necessary explosives; I will see that the thing runs smoothly, without interference, and that all—here his voice sank low—will be decently disposed of.'

"Benjy had a vivid and horrid imagination, but his manner was calm, and he smiled benignantly as he polished his glasses. We balked at muzzle-loaders. We were secretly horrified at the idea of muzzle-loaders; there seemed such a ghastly finality about them. But Benjy wouldn't listen to anything else, wouldn't even think of pistols, and bullied us so that we had to give in. It was now near midnight; I had my world to set in order before sunrise, so I left the Golden Horn at once.

"The morning was winged and came feeling. I won't speak about the night I passed. I walked out alone to the rock. The crowd waiting was larger than I had expected to see, and somehow I couldn't say I felt pleased. All the fellows of our gulch were there, and a lot of others. A rather social atmosphere prevailed; most of the spectators were chatting in a neighborly, everyday fashion, some even jesting, and certainly very few much impressed with the solemnity of the occasion.

"Some of my friends came up and shook my hand sympathetically. I saw Hinckley not far off, sitting on a log, smoking one last cigar and now and then exchanging a word with the fellows grouped around him. Benjy, a little apart from the crowd, was talking pleasantly with the last man I expected to find there—Markley, the deputy sheriff.

"Benjy acknowledged my arrival with a slight gesture. Soon, accompanied by the two Hinckley and I had named as seconds, one of whom was carrying a bulky weight in a bandanna handkerchief, he went out of view behind the rock. Consultation, I supposed. I felt resigned, cheerful almost; but I may as well confess that not a little of my lighter spirits was due to the presence of Mr. Markley. But so far not a hitch in the proceedings. Markley lighted a fresh cheroot, and appeared to be enjoying the cool, exhilarating air of the morning. He had nodded quite agreeably to me, but was still keeping aloof. I leaned against a tree, and several minutes elapsed. I began to be filled with some misgivings regarding Mr. Markley's intention.

"Just then the three officials emerged from behind the rock. My second approached me. He was a very stouthy southerner, with untrimmed hair and an underset jaw, but he was a crack hunter, and I considered his advice valuable. 'There,' he whispered, kindly, placing the gun in my hands. 'Just aim low, Bill, aim low, and full at your man's waist or chest. That-a-way you'll get him for sure. No, no, don't lower the bar like that; these are muzzlers, and you got to hold them level. Good luck.'

"The twenty paces had been stepped off by our venerable master of ceremonies, and my opponent and I were led to the stations assigned us. In his strong, bell-like, melancholy tones, he knelt out:

"When my handkerchief drops, gentlemen, you will at once aim and discharge your weapons."

"My weapon was a cumbersome old piece of ordnance, and monstrously heavy. I prayed inwardly that Hinckley's might prove a mate to it, and that he might find it not a jot less unwieldy. However, the finger I hooked around the trigger was steady enough. A cool breeze had sprung up; it ruffled my hair lightly, but I could feel the beads of moisture coming out on my forehead. Benjy's handkerchief fluttered down.

"The double detonation was deafening, appalling. I dropped my gun and reeled backward, staggering at the impact of the load I had received full in the region of my belt. My opponent, his arms limp, and his white shirt plastered over with a dreadful scarlet, had collapsed into the arms of his second. He feebly tore open his shirt and explored his chest. You might think it strange that at that moment I should have exhibited more interest in my opponent's state than in my own. I had, however, clapped my hand to the vicinity where I had been struck, and withdrew it red and damp, indeed, but—

"Hinckley had recovered his vitality, and was looking across at me, bewildered. His face flushed; he clenched his fists, and with every sign of displeasure, strode firmly in my direction. He was probably too furious to think that I was quite as much a victim as himself. Sensing the approach of a fist fight, the spectators hurried up; but before we came vis-a-vis old Benjy drew in between us and placed a great hand upon the shoulder of each of us. Hinckley's shirt was a sight! I wondered what Madame LePape would say about it. It was saturated with the tomatoes some individual had rammed into my gun-barrel. Judge if he wasn't hopping mad.

"I think, sir," cried Hinckley, shaking off the hand and drawing himself up with all the dignity of his years, 'that this trick is all of your work. What made you do that, Mr. Weed?'

"The humiliation must have struck into Hinckley deeply—he shrank more from ridicule than he did from the prospect of facing death; but in his demand there was more of sorrow than bitterness. He felt that Benjy, in whom he had fully trusted, had betrayed him for the sake of a horrid jest. There was nothing funny in this, and silence fell upon all of us, spectators and actors alike.

"Benjy never looked more patriarchal than he did just then. 'Young Mr. Daley,' he said, simply, 'I am an old man, and nearing the end of my days. My conscience is clean and my hands are unstained, and to keep them so I could not have acted with you young lads otherwise than in this manner that may seem to you untrue.'

"Benjy put his hand slowly upon Hinckley's shoulder again, and that time it stayed. The youth's eyes were still fixed moodily on his face.

"And besides," Benjy went on, now with reproach, 'there's a couple of little scores which you both clean forgot to settle. There's about \$5 chalked up to each of you at the Golden Horn, and—hanged if I didn't come near to losing it all.'

"The gravity of the scene ended right there. The uproarious mirth of the crowd forced a reluctant grin from Hinckley, and next moment we also were laughing outright. We gripped hands.

"The fellows gave us a cheer after that, and right cordially. They were an appreciative lot. From the standpoint of casualties, perhaps, our duel was a failure, but as a spectacle it was a complete success."

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JUNIPERO SERRA HAS MANY MEMORIALS.

[Saturday]

The Illustrated Weekly Magazine

THE PROFESSION THAT SPELLS ROMANCE.

An Engineer's Wife to Her Chum. By Mae Foster Jay.

MY DEAR Edith: You blessed child, what do you know about patching khaki pants? In my mind's eye I have seen you graciously pouring tea in the drawing-room of the rectory—and you must admit that your very warm praises of the young rector justified these visions; again I have pictured you, with well filled baskets, making the morning round of calls with your doctor husband—you had all the symptoms a year ago, and you know it; I have even imagined you moving in college circles; patroness of balls and chaperon of giggling girls, for you must plead guilty to a sudden unaccountable interest, a little while back, in foreign languages. Into any one of these positions you would have stepped gracefully and naturally, without giving your friends a turn.

But you, traveling about the country perched high on a rickety wagon behind kooky mules, or clumsily astride a balky burro; you taking up your abode in unholy places where you neighbor with mountain lions or the brown bear that lives just around the hill; you sleeping in a tent and waking to hear something running around inside it in the night, and to speculate idly on the nature and mission of the unseen beast; you, in "serviceable" togs, tramping over grounds not boulevarded with a shotgun over your shoulder—well my imagination proves inadequate.

You overwhelm me. I sigh and chuckle all in one breath, for I know so well the trying experiences you are going to have. But I wholly rejoice, for I know too that you are going to meet them in the right way, for you have always been a "game little sport." If I may be so inelegant in expression. And some day, my dear, you will be wonderfully surprised when you discover some of the remarkable capabilities of your grandmother cropping out in you.

Now I know you are crinkling your saucy nose and saying, "Pooh!" And you gaze at the picture of this broad-shouldered, tanned individual who is to be your husband, posed there behind his transit in the ever beguiling sombrero, flannel shirt and interesting puttees; you see the attractive row of tents straggling up the picturesque Canyon Bonita. To you it is wholly romantic. And you think of your future as one protracted session of gay camping trips, such as we have had in summers past. Perhaps my letters have influenced you too.

However, when you come to study the situation at close range, you will find some fine distinctions between gypsy life as an outing and gypsy life as a business. I am going to confess to you that there are just a few plain realities included, dreamful as it seems. I do this not to frighten or discourage you, but so that you may enter the new life helpfully. For that big engineer husband of yours may be all undismayed by bears and bulls and bobcats, but a homesick tear is his undoing, and a regretful sigh for luxuries foregone, he cannot face at all.

Get out your dusty Bible, child, and find the little verse about "Whither thou goest" and absorb it until it is a working principle; for all your life you will be going, and mostly you will just lodge—you rarely really live. You must prepare yourself to be always ready to pack up your things and move on at a moment's notice, cheerfully and casually, and with no hysteria over whatever beautiful schemes of things may have been upset.

Do not think that Jack will be to blame for this wanderlust. Heaven knows that he will protest his settling down instincts fervently and frequently enough. Your periods of migration will be determined largely by a pink slip. A pink slip is the romantic method by which an engineer receives the information that his services can be dispensed with. For developmental companies and corporations seem to be forever having to retrench, and have a most uninteresting way of going to smash just when you have begun to enjoy the comfortable state of stable equilibrium.

Apprehension of this pink slip makes it forever a question whether to buy real furniture and be burdened with it through your vagrant life; or to rent the second hand nondescript indigenous to the place you have landed in, or to sit all your days in

camp chairs because these you can easily fold up and steal away when the time comes. If you have nothing, you look with envious eyes at your friends' luxurious leather chairs and ivory bedroom suites and are sorely tempted; but when moving day comes you say earnestly, "Thank the Lord I haven't anything!" For if you do have respectable things you loathe every one of them every time you have to pack—and usually end up by selling them for nothing or giving them away.

"If" becomes the weightiest word in your vocabulary. "If we stay here, I shall have linoleum on my kitchen floor," you say. "If you are here on this work long, I shall get new drapes for my windows." "If we are here next summer, we shall screen this porch." You are forever in a quandary whether to have a garden or to live in the weeds; whether to install a heater or to keep on taking baths in a teakettle full of hot water; whether to take a vacation and spend your money, or to stay at home and save it. For Dame Rumor, like the little boy in the old story, delights to call, "Pink Slip, Pink Slip," just for fun, until all too often you become so unbelieving that the real depredations of that unformidably tinted wolf find your exchequer in a forlorn state.

I have not been afraid to tell you these things, Edith, for I know that even now you spend half your life in a state of indecision—what dress shall you wear, which invitation shall you accept, shall you ask that snippy Marion Tibbets to your party, shall you double two no-trumps, or bid three hearts, where shall you go for the winter, and so on. So you see you are not entirely unprepared to face the Pink Slip unrest.

To become a real comrade in the wholesome, interesting life of this new husband of yours, means, Edith, my dear, that you must acquire a supreme disregard for such mere bagatelles as rain, draught, heat, cold, mud, dust, poison oak, fox-tails and canned milk. It means—but how can I tell you this cruelest thing? You used to work Jim Fredericks, in the laboratory, to split your angworms and arrange them under the microscope for you, didn't you—and to cut up your frogs? And you nearly fainted the day Dr. Spence made you bring him the spotted adder. Away with all such silly scruples, dainty squeamish maiden, for the romance of being an engineer's wife means that you must be the every-day companion of scorpions, tarantulas, lizards, centipedes, and rattlesnakes! And all these neither dead nor laboratory trained—you will become acquainted with them all in their native haunts.

But the very worst bugbear of all, and one to be reckoned every day of your life, is Big Ben. Ruthlessly every morning at 5:30 o'clock he vaunts his tyranny. So while you may, make the most of those leisurely, perfectly appointed 9 o'clock breakfasts, luxury loving little idler, in your bewitching silken morning negligee. All too soon they will be but a pleasant memory, and little Edith will have to crawl out before daylight, reinforce herself by a cold bath for the foggy chill of a shell of a house in a land that never dreamed of a furnace; scramble into a big kitchen apron; concoct an abbreviated breakfast, which will be dispatched with amazing expedition that Jack may get to work on time. You know an engineer works ten hours a day, Edith. Tom is always wishing he were a Greek. How does that prospect appeal to you, pampered little pal of mine?

Oh yes, I know that Jack says he will get his own breakfasts and that you may sleep as long as you please. So does Tom. Well, one morning I tried it. From the kitchen came the unmistakable sounds of an awkward man out of his sphere, and how he hated it pervaded the atmosphere even as far as the bedroom. And Edith, he went round and round that kitchen a hundred times, thump, thump, thump, so fast and loud, back and forth, and back and forth. He sounded like an overworked cook in a messhouse, hustling a belated dinner for a score of hungry men. I couldn't see why all the fuss over one boiled egg, toast and coffee.

"Tom," I called, "why are you running around so?"

"I'm not running around so," he answered, "Go to sleep."

"I believe I'll come out and help you." "You do, and I'll put you back. It's cold out here," he said.

So I lay there and had a beautiful rest worrying because he had lighted no fire for himself, and thinking how lonesome it must be out there in the dreary early morning, and wondering why he should have to jump up from the table so many times when I had it completely set the night before. I vow he had done a day's work before he left the house. When I went to the kitchen the unsightly table told a pitiful tale of burnt toast, and eggs not done, and Tom later confessed to me that he forgot to put any coffee into the percolator, so that his stimulating morning beverage was plain boiled water.

In this life one gradually resigns one's self to saving a little in time of plenty, only to spend it in time of pink slip occasioned vacations; to becoming endeared to some one of nature's rarely beautiful spots, only to forsake it for another; to be forever building ideal little houses to leave behind for someone else to live in; to stringing up one's promising sweet peas, and wondering idly who will pick the blossoms; to be constantly making new friends only to sooner or later neglect them. But oh, Edith, the fun we have all this time planning for Some Day, when we shall really settle down—the house we'll build, the books we'll buy, the music we'll hear, the car we'll have, the trips we'll take—well, Some Day will be just brimfull.

And yet, 'tis strange, Edith, how we let that day slip farther and farther into the future. I freely confess to you that when Tom has one of his periodic spells of vowing that he will settle down somewhere, get into business and stay there, I experience a most disturbing inward panic. It soon passes, however, for I know very well he will do no such thing. He may try it for a time—they all do. The world is full of engineers who have dropped a few slowly earned thousands at ranching or mining or contracting, but sooner or later—and wiser—we all are sure to come back to our nomadic calling.

We are become two hopeless vagabonds. Perhaps living in divers places has unfitted us for establishing a permanent home; perhaps we realize that were we to settle on the coast, there would come the longing for the desert's peculiar charm; on the mountain we would grow restless for the valley; in the tropics we would dream of the snows of Alaska. We have been uprooted so many times that our roots do not function normally any more—I fear they are fast becoming rudimentary organs.

Have I disillusioned you, Edith? Are all your pretty ideals gone to smash? They will grow again, more substantial than before. As I told you, you will surprise your own self some day. The time will come when you will be proud to discover that you can be content with a temporary ice chest built of a soap box, a gunny sack and a leaky tin can; that you can bump along in a Ford and think complacently of the Pierce Arrow you used to drive so smoothly down Michigan boulevard; that you can hold up your head in a last year's model bonnet, and wonder distastefully whether skirts are narrow or full this season.

That reminds me. Be sure to investigate the delicate matter of proper apparel before you ever go home to visit lest you repeat my embarrassing experience. One time I had noticed suspicious suppressed merriment in the eyes of that impish sister of mine from the moment I alighted from the train. No sooner were we in our car than she exploded in one of her spasms of uncontrollable mirth.

"S' matter?" I demanded.

"Oh, GINGER, you do look so awfully funny," she giggled.

She is the infallible criterion of the latest thing out, herself. All at once I began to feel like the daguerrotype of my great aunt in the old family album. At home the family escorted me into the house with grateful glances up and down the empty street. The dressmaker, in a specially called session, saved the family honor. I had arrived home in my going away suit of two years before, which had lain use-

less in my trunk in the meantime. It was moderately full and flaring, very sensible and sanitary, clearing the ground by a good six inches. When I left it had been unanimously pronounced extremely smart; when I returned it was positively indecent and a disgrace to the family. It appeared that skirts should now sweep the ground, and be hobbled.

Since you will never have a chance to grow tired of any one thing or condition, you will always maintain your freshness of feeling, dear. A protracted exile to the country makes you just ache for the city; and when you get there once more you thrill with the feel of a real sidewalk under your feet, gaze rapturously at the magnificent lights, linger in the erstwhile tiresome shops and "oh" and "ah" in ecstasy, pore over the menu in the cafe with shocking enthusiasm, and at the mediocre variety show assure at least the people around you their money's worth. Then before you have a chance to become blasé with too much civilization, you are hurried off to the woods again, and the chances are you will cavort like a spring lamb, so glad will you be to get back.

In this profession you will find the most worth-while friends in the world. Engineering people are openhearted and informal and sincere. No engineer will ever tell you he bought a Ford instead of a Packard because he considered the springs of the former superior. He is simply, frankly, avowedly poor—his poverty is as much a part of his profession as his transit. A hostess among us will not sweetly urge your husband to have another piece of pie when all the time there is no more—she says right out that the pie is all gone (perhaps she has learned from experience that your husband always will have another piece of pie.)

Do not fear that your life will be devoid of good times, dear, even in our barbarian haunts pink teas, joy rides and fox trots are not entirely unknown. And in the common things in these bypaths of the world you will find permanent interest; in the far from artificial life of the real folks in these strange communities you will find real romance.

And sometime, when Jack has to go so far out of the world that you cannot possibly go too, and you are packed off home to stay for ten long months, and you constantly see other lucky, laughing women on the street, and in the theater, or at the dance, who actually have husbands to take them there, and you grow horribly envious and longing and wonder if such acme of happiness can really exist in this lonesome world; when the old living-room at home, especially on Sunday afternoons, becomes just a chamber of tantalizing memories, and the vine sheltered hammock on the back porch a thing you doggedly shun; when you spend week ends with old friends again and some one is always remarking, "Now if Jack were only here, wouldn't it be just like old times!" When everywhere, all the time, there persists in you that same unquietable restlessness; then you will know that it is far easier to be off in the wilds with Jack and lonesome for civilization than it is to be surfeited with the pleasures of cities and surrounded with friends legion and lonesome for Jack. You will know then that there is no place too heathenish and crude for you to endure if that own man of yours is there to make it livable, and that there is no hardship in the world like the hardship of separation.

I suppose you are blinking your eyes in very surprised fashion at this unprecedented epistolary departure of mine, Edith. I have reassured you, I fear, much after the delicately tactful manner of a neighbor of ours—when I sprained my foot one day she cried, "Oh I know a woman who hurt herself in exactly that spot, and she never took another step in her life." I hope I have not trumpeted unbecomingly reality so blatantly as to disturb that romanticism of love's young dream. Do not be dismayed by any calamity howling, prospective "oh," but tie your clumsy bundle to a stick, and make ready to join this happy-go-lucky caravan of respectable vagabonds.

With much love, GINGER.

[1917]

11

Profitable Love. By Fred F. Johnson.

TITLE.

Recent Notable Cartoons.



Portland Oregonian



New York Herald



Baltimore American



ONE PICTURE CONJURES UP ANOTHER.

New York Herald



Why not try this for a change?

Cleveland Plain Dealer



Headline: President will make one more warlike plan

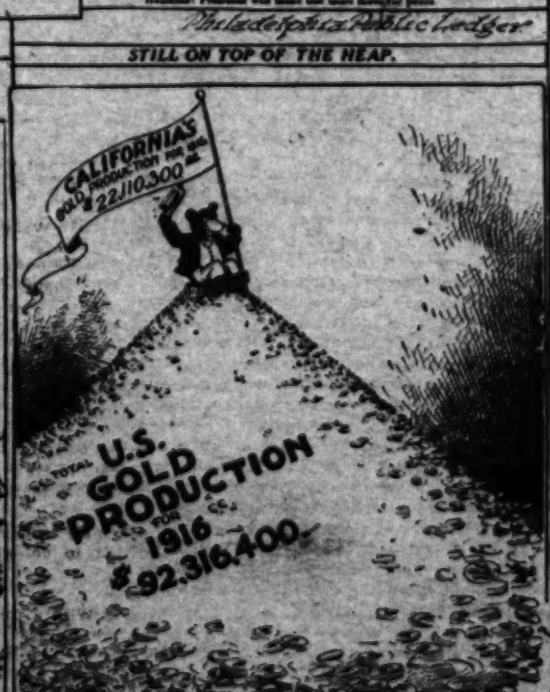
Philadelphia Public Ledger



Baltimore American



Philadelphia Evening Post



Cleveland Tribune

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He had rehearsed just such a scene as this many times before in his imagination. He knew what he would do. When Wilson's body stooped to a certain angle, he would strike him with his fist between the eyes so hard as to knock him senseless. Calmly he waited as the burglar's head dropped lower and lower. Then, just at the proper instant, Johnson's fist shot upward, and landing right where Red Wilson's forehead should have been, encountered only the airy nothingness of a dissipated illusion. Once again relief had come at the moment of greatest danger. Once again it had come when the danger that threatened assumed a definite form and character. And once again it had come, not from some outside agency, but from his own inner resources.

One other incident, which had occurred a few months before he applied for work at the logging camp, had testified even more positively to the subjectivity of his fears and of the only power that could break their hold upon him. He had been kicked from a moving freight train at night in the wilds of Wyoming and had landed in the sagebrush many miles from a human habitation. As the next train would not be along before morning, he knew that there was nothing for him to do but to spend the night alone in the desert. He built a little fire out of dry sagebrush, placed a pile of the resinous firewood where he could reach it when needed, draped his coat over his shoulders, and curled around the fire. Sleep would not come near him. Instead came fear, inexplicable but inexorable as ever. The steel rails of the track, stretching for miles and miles in either direction, glittered in the moonlight. All around him was the sagebrush, and far out toward the distant horizon were the mountains, which impressed him, not as mountains usually did, as living, sentient beings, but as extinct volcanoes from which all life had fled centuries before. Above, the stars twinkled unconcernedly, utterly oblivious to the fact that he was 3000 miles from home, sick, hungry, and dead broke. Not a sound arose to break the stillness of the evening, except when the fire crackled or when out toward the

his declining, his agony, his love, his life, his glorious work. All emotions seemed to have withdrawn from him, and the solitude of the night enclosed him in an isolation that struck terror to his heart. He was a deserted ship adrift upon an empty ocean, a speck of dust floating in a world of vacuum, a lone star wandering through space unplaneted. All this he felt grimly as, in utter loneliness of spirit, he stretched out his hands to the heavens and cried, "I am afraid. I want to go home." Then in answer to his cry, in words as distinct as any words he had ever heard, a voice spoke, not in anger but in disappointment, saying, "Fear not. You shall go home, but I wish you had shown more courage."

Then Johnson knew, not that a voice had spoken to him from the sagebrush, or the mountains, or the stars, or from beyond the stars, but that he had been standing in the tribunal of his own soul and that the verdict was, "Tried in the scales and found wanting." Then he knew that once again he had escaped from an overpowering fear in the moment of greatest agony. He knew that once again release from the danger that seemed to threaten him had come when that danger had been clothed with a definite form—not this time the form of a polar bear, as in his boyhood dream, nor the form of a desperate burglar as in his waking hallucination, but the form of a physical loneliness, a mental isolation, and a spiritual desertion which had found concrete expression in the cry, "I want to go home." He knew that once again relief had come not from without but from within, from the secret resources of his own spirit.

But Johnson was still a coward. Indeed, as swiftly and involuntarily he reviewed the frightful experience of his life and the ineffectual efforts he had made to escape from the net which his cowardice had woven around him, it seemed to him that he was a greater coward than ever before. Fear gripped him tight. He would not, could not advance. He dared not face the unknown dangers ahead. And yet pride and his will, which all these years had stood him in good stead, urged him to go forward and endure the terrible ordeal.

At length, slowly, hesitatingly, as one who fears to go but dares not tarry, he entered the forest and started down the nar-

his path. The first came through the trees
dark and dark and still, but this was
absolute darkness and silence, impenetrable.
He could stretch out his hands and
touch the rough bark of the huge trees,
which stood in close array like silent sentries
in the road to hell. Their bough-
topped trunks towered upward a hundred
feet or more, but they might just as well
have soared for miles—he could not see an
inch above his head, in front, behind, in any
direction.

At first Johnson advanced cautiously, groping his way from step to step, and pausing frequently to look and listen. But as he penetrated deeper into the forest, his terror grew. He hurried forward recklessly, and soon, insane with fear, he broke into a panic-stricken run, dashing himself against the trees, plunging into the underbrush, and sprawling over heavy roots, which outcropped here and there across the path—the feet of Satan's sentries thrust between his legs. On and on he rushed in headlong flight without thought or will until suddenly he perceived that he was not alone. By his side, step for step, pause for pause, and spurt for spurt, one whom he could not see or hear but who nevertheless he felt was there, kept pace with him.

Now somehow Johnson knew that this was the crisis of his life; now or never he must win his fight. And with that knowledge came sanity and strength. He stopped abruptly, and though trembling with fright, faced the presence by his side.

"Why," questioned the invisible stranger mildly, "why do you rush like a mad man along this narrow road?"

"I am afraid," Johnson replied.

"Afraid of what? Of bears? There isn't a bear within ten miles, and if one should chance to cross your path, he'd run from you in fear. Afraid of Indians? There are no Indians on this peninsula. Besides, the Indians of Washington have lost their love for scalps."

1. "I am afraid," Johnson insisted.

"Afraid of thieves or violent men? The woods are empty as a sinking ship. Afraid of ghosts? Why should the souls of dead men want to injure you? Afraid of Satan and the hosts of hell? Of evil forces and of entities without substance, life or form?"

"I am afraid," he whispered, looking up at his face. "I am afraid of fear."

"Fear not," the presence answered in a triumphant voice. "God is. I am. There is none besides."

Now Johnson had often protested to himself that all his fears were groundless; but his protests, lacking in emotional and moral power, had failed to reach the depths of consciousness in which his fears were entrenched. But the retrospective vision which had come to him as he hesitated the entrance to the forest and which had for the first time clearly revealed the common inner origin of all his boyhood terrors, his childish dreams and the hallucinations of later years, had aroused dormant psychic forces and had prepared him for the spiritual awakening which even then he had felt impending. Besides, Johnson always had contended that other powers were at work that night, transcendent powers, which swallowed up his weakness in their strength and crowned his darkest hour with a glorious victory.

Be all that as it may, as his abject confession, "I am afraid of fear," stripped of frightful garments from the demon who had ruined his whole life, and revealed empty nothingness beneath, he experienced a wonderful feeling of relief. Fear left him in a flash. Peace and courage filled his heart. And when he heard the present answer, "God is. I am. There is none besides," he perceived that the woods were luminous with a strange white light, looking upward, he beheld as in a mirror his own face.

Eagerly, with joy ineffable, as though he saw the face of one whom he had loved and lost, he thought that he had lost, he whispered softly, "Who are you?"

"I am Earl Johnson, whom you hide
neath the shadows of your mortal self.
I am. There is none besides."

The strange light vanished. The w
were wrapped in an indescribable str
and in darkness absolute. Along the
row, crooked path, the 5r trees stood
close array like sentries on the road
hell. But Earl Johnson, with head
and unerring feet, walked calmly (br
the forest to the logging camp.

The Love Adventures of Sandy Hobbs.

BY KARL R. COOLIDGE.

I'M TELLIN' you that when a perfectly normal man holdin' four aces drops out on a four-bit raise, and that when this same individual walks off deliberate leavin' a full nose pint flask in conspicuous sight of a bunch of dry throaty cow-waddies, and—most especially—when this beln' gets so far off his feed that he isn't shovin' up his plate for a fourth or fifth helpin', then I'm tellin' you that this peculiar person has discovered that a certain organ on the left side of his anatomy has another job besides pumpin' blood up and down his system.

Anyhow, that's the way the bunch get to sassin' Sandy Hobbs, and one day when I catches him pickin' wild flowers and confidin' his troubles to them, I shoves the question point blank at him, askin' if he ain't in love. He colors up like a Nevada sunset, gets as fidgety as a two-year-old, and then, whimperin'-like, bellows out that I'm on the right trail.

Delvin' into details, he's a sayin' as how when he was over at White River for the mail last week he'd seen her first. He was tyin' up his bronc outside the postoffice, and cussin' careless-like because it yas 'so hot when she come trapecin' out and says "Oh"—kinda shocked by his language, which I'm here to tell you ain't none too good when it's workin' smooth. He'd told her that he wasn't knowin' that there was eny wimmin' folks within shoutin' distance, and also swelled up with bashfulness, he'd offered to buy her an ice cream sody to sorta square things and when she'd accepted he'd introduced himself and had ambled alongside her to a concessionary parlor. Right here I'm for statin' that when eny decent sels respectin' cowpuncher degrades himself so far as to go prancin' into an ice cream saloon, imaginin' that he's enjoyin' hisself well—you can lay your last chew of tough tobacco that he sure has been struck by Cupid's stings. Funny, anyhow, what love and conpnial bliss will do to a man. Here was Sandy, reckoned about the best littin' two-handed drinker in the Cochrise regimint.

stittin' suckin' sody through a sickly straw— and then there was Mark People, over Hereford way. Mark used to be long on sars'pirilla and short on profanity, but that was before he was married. But now, after enjoyin' the disadvantages of wedded weal for a couple of years, he's mighty long on profanity and mighty short on sars'pirilla. Leastwise, the last time I remember seein' him he was tryin' to make his horse say "Merry Christmas," which ain't what you might call the usual effects of sars'pirilla. But, as some writin' author says, this is meanderin'.

Sighin' like the summer wind rustlin' through a potato patch, Sandy goes on and describes her to me, and I learn that she's sort of an angel, Venus-de-mille-oh, and goddess, all mixed up in a bunch, and that her name's Tina Graham. Seems from what she'd told him that she'd been an orphan all her life, never havin' had a father or mother to grow her up, and that she'd just finished learnin' nursin'. She'd been intendin' to go over to Europe to be one of those cross nurses when she'd heard that Arizona was offerin' great advantages for wimmin, and so had come to White River to work for old Doc Billings, who has an extry bunk in his house which he calls his hospital. Then Sandy shows me the picture of a necklase that he's just ordered from a Chicago catalogue, and which has set him back three dollars and six bits. He's confessin' that he's sorta timid about gettin' into amorous action, never havin' tried to round up a brand a two-leg heifer before, but that when the necklase arrives he's intendin' to head in after her strong. Paternal-like, I promises to help and abet him, but as day after day I see him mopin' at the mail box, waitin' for the necklase to arrive, I decide that something must be started.

While he's out ridin' fence one mornin' he corrals all the boys, swears them to secrecy—so help them John Jackrabbit—and then he divulges the whole paraphernalia of the thing. We're all likin' Sandy, and poet

quick we're unanimous agreed that Sandy's the kind of a man that any woman ought to be proud to hitch her name to, and seein' as he's dead set on obtainin' her, that it's our duty to help him along.

Now Sandy ain't what you could call a handsome man, or even none good looking, but he has that kind of a homely face that's good to look at, and which same is full up with honesty. Moreover, he's plumb loaded with good traits. He can drink more regular Hicker than a sheepherder, and yet walk away with it, and he's been so careful in money ways that he hasn't been in debt for over two months.

Ridin' over to White River, I draw leather at old Doc Billings's pretendin' sore throat, which it ain't, and as he starts to shuffle some things together for me, I walks Tina. We're introduced, and as I'm takin' her lily-like hand in my calloused and sinful paw I see that Sandy's description hasn't flattered her once. Me—I can hardly keep my eyes off her, and I finds myself stirrin' to double-cross Sandy myself. But ever since the time that Sandy slipped up that ace under the table, over at Mr. Brown's shack, I'm considerin' that I owe him a heap of gratitude, and means to show it. So while the Doc is busy stirrin' up some stuff that he doesn't know much about, I'm talkin' with Tina, and casual-like, get around to Sandy. I starts easy at first, but then, workin' up, I boosts him up into the blue sky.

"When it comes to cow-waddying," I say, "there ain't none in this county that can touch him. He can sit in the middle of anything that chews alfalfa for a livin', and as for ropin'-well, they say that he can rope a calf so far off that by the time he's dragged in it'll be a milk cow with two calves."

"I dwell eloquent on the lonesome life of a weary cowpuncher on the dreary plains, and then remarks that every man should take it as his duty to pick out a self-respectin' wife and tie to her."

"Sandy, I adds, "Is just like a desert rose, bloomin' around for some fair hand to pick him and put him in the vase of matrimony. I've known him ever since he took his first drink of Nicker, which sorta came natural to him, seein' as his father kicked in from an overflow of mescal, and exceptin' that he shot a fellow once that didn't like the color of his shirt, he's always been as peaceful as a horned toad, and just about as scary of wimin."

Watchin' close, I can see that I've got her interested, and then sudden-like, an idea jumps up out of the dust and smacks me in the face.

At first it most takes my breath away but then I manages to tell her that the boys are kinda worried about Sandy, that his health seems to be droppin' off and that he's wastin' away. That he seems to have a touch of consumption, that his heart ain't none too good, and that the chances are he's on the verge of typhoid. She's at once statin' that he ought to be taken care of and nursed back to health and happiness, a of which I agrees with her, and I adds that the boys have been tryin' and urg'in him to come over and get cured up, but he's obstinate-like, and says that life really ain't worth livin' much anyhow.

So I waken back to camp, restin' assure that I've got her feelin' thoughtful-like, as them in the corral I lets the boys in on the general run of things. Beginnin' that nig we starts tellin' Sandy that he's sure lookin' bad, and that he needs a bunch of nurses and doctorin'. We works on him all evenin' and by mornin', at the chuck table, Sandy that bad start that he can't drink his opener, and puttin' my manly hand on I manly brow I snorts in alarm, and solemnly tells him that I'm willin' to bet that his temperature is close around 140 in the shade, which name don't help him feel none better.

A couple of days pass up, with us the time alludin' to his death-like appearance, and one day, after Sandy has cau

CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY

[Saturday]

The Illustrated Weekly Magazine

GOOD SHORT STORIES FROM EVERYWHERE.

Compiled for the Illustrated Weekly.

Is It?

A COUNTRY vicar advertised for an "eligible" to make himself useful, etc., in his grounds and garden. A likely candidate turned up and, after being questioned upon several points, the vicar said to him:

"You know, we are all vegetarians here, and if I engage you I should like you to conform to our rules. Could you?"

The applicant entered into a brown study, and then at last he replied:

"I think so, sir; but I should like to ask an important question first. Do you reckon beer a vegetable?"—[Tit-Bits.]

Two Unbalanced Accounts.

A WELL-KNOWN business man in Lawrence, Mass., once had a customer who contracted a debt that ran along unpaid for a year or more, and even several letters failed to bring about a settlement.

One day, while glancing over the religious notices in a local paper, the business man saw something that gave him a new idea. He went to his desk and wrote the following note to the debtor:

"My dear Sir: I see in the local press that you are to deliver an address on Friday evening before the Y.M.C.A. on 'The Sinner's Unbalanced Account.' I inclose yours, as yet unbalanced, and trust that I may have the pleasure of attending your lecture."—[Youth's Companion.]

The Wise Husband.

MR. BARTON lived in a suburban town. His wife asked him to purchase a shirtwaist for her while in New York. After telling the salesgirl what he was after, she displayed a number.

"Here are some very pretty ones. What color do you prefer?" she said.

"It doesn't make any difference," replied Mr. Barton.

"Doesn't make any difference!" exclaimed the salesgirl. "Why, don't you think your wife would like a certain color?"

"No, it makes no difference what color I get or what size. I shall have to come back tomorrow to have it changed."—[New York Times.]

A Splendid Bargain.

THE clerk was up to his ears in parcels. He was a good salesman, had a rare command of language, and knew how to expatiate on the best points of the goods he sold. As he picked up a parcel from a lot on the counter and opened it he struck an attitude of admiration and said:

"Now there! Look at that silk! Isn't it lovely? Particularly observe the quality, the finish, the general effect. Feel it. Pass your hand over it. No nonsense about this parcel is there?"

"No," said the lady, "it has worn well. That is my old one. I just laid it down here."—[New York Times.]

A Good Argument.

AS HE dislikes motorcars, a country squire always kept good horses. Recently, he bought a handsome mare, and a few days later asked his groom what he thought of the new arrival.

"She's a fine-looking animal, sir," replied the man, "but I'm afraid she's a bit touchy."

"Why do you think so?" questioned the squire.

"She doesn't seem to take to no one, sir. She can't bear me to go into her box to groom her."

"Oh, she'll settle down in a few days," the squire reassured him. "Everything's strange to her, you know. I don't think there's much wrong with her temper."

"Nor didn't I at first, sir," replied the groom. "But, you see, she's kicked me out of that box twice already, and, when you come to think of it, that's very convincing."—[Argonaut.]

Squelching a Dealer.

CAN I sell you some antiques, sir?

"What have you in stock?"

"I've got a chair George Washington sat

A, a cradle Jenny Lind was rocked in, a

mirror used by Catherine the Great of Russia, and—"

"Say no more. These things are comparatively modern."

"But consider, sir—"

"I want some real antiques. In fact, I am anxious to acquire the set of tools used by Noah in building the ark."—[Brooklyn Citizen.]

Feared He'd Be Angry.

SHE was a muscular young Amazon from the wilds of Hoxton, and she was doing war work down at the old farm.

One morning the farmer's wife, passing a belt of trees, which the Amazon was learning to fell, found her in tears.

"What's the matter, Annie?"

Annie fingered the ax dolefully. "I've been and cut down the wrong tree, and I'm afraid the master'll be awful wild."

"Oh, that's all right, my girl. He understands that you're new to the work and you've got to learn. We all make mistakes sometimes. I'll go and explain matters to him. Where is he—in the cowshed?"

"No, mum. 'E's under the tree!"—[London Answers.]

All Right.

TEACHER: Now, boys, I want to see if any of you can make a complete sentence out of two words, both having the same sound to the ear.

First Boy: I can, Miss Smith.

Teacher: Very well, Robert. Let us hear your sentence.

First Boy: Write, right.

Teacher: Very good.

Second Boy: Miss Smith, I can beat that. I can make three words of it—Wright, write right.

Third boy (excitedly): Hear this: Wright, write right.—[Tit-Bits.]

The Braggarts.

"I BET my father has killed more people than your father has," said the boy in the sailor hat. "My father is captain of a battleship."

"That's nothin'," retorted the boy in the red sweater. "My father's chauffeur of a United States mail truck."—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

New Methods.

AN ENTERPRISING man opened a shop. It was next door to a man who kept a shop of the same description, but who was not very pushing in his business methods, preferring to jog along in the old conservative way.

The methods of the newcomer, however, caused the old trader to wake up, and, with the spirit of originality strong upon him, he affixed a notice over his shop with the words:

"Established fifty years," painted in large letters.

Next day the newcomer replied to this with a notice over his shop to the following effect:

"Established yesterday; no old stock."—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

His Golden Wedding.

UP AND down the village street walked old Tompkins, dressed all in his Sunday best and with a clean collar on.

"Hello, old fellow!" a friend hailed him.

"Aren't you working today?"

"No," replied the old man, proudly. "I'm celebrating my golden wedding."

"Really? Then you've been married fifty years!"

"Yes, I have."

"Then, where's Mrs. Tompkins? Isn't she celebrating, too?"

"The present Mrs. Tompkins," the old man coldly rebuked the idle questioner, "has nothing to do with it."—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

Riding With a Chicken.

NEAL McLEASTER, who is employed at the Hill Crest farm, three miles west of Columbus, had an errand to perform. He jumped into his automobile and drove to Columbus, then went four miles east and returned. He stopped at a restaurant

to get some lunch. Boese and Wood, policemen, sauntered past.

"I heard a chicken," said Boese.

"That was a man," Wood replied.

"I don't mean that kind of a chicken."

Boese insisted. "I mean a chicken with feathers."

They investigated and found a White Plymouth Rock pullet on the rear axle of McLeaster's machine. They called him out and asked him seriously what he knew about joy riding with chickens. McLeaster indignantly denied the charge, and contended that he had been out on legitimate business. Then the policemen pointed to the chicken, and McLeaster gave up. He said it was the first time he ever took a chicken riding when the chicken insisted on using the rear axle as a seat.—[Indianapolis News.]

No Danger for Him.

THE old salt who took small parties out by the hour in his cockleshell boat had been much annoyed by the loud and fatuous remarks of 'Arry, who had come down for the day.

When just beyond the mile limit the old wreck began to leak. The boatman, however, reassured the party—told them that there was no danger and was confident that they would reach the shore before the leak developed. To allay any further fears, he handed around lifebelts. The party consisted of five and there were only four belts.

"Hi! Where's mine?" asked the terrified cockney, who had dropped all his cheerful chipping of the old salt.

"Don't you worry, my lad!" said the boatman. "You don't need no lifebelt! A feller with an 'ead as 'oller as yours can't sink!"—[Chicago News.]

Thought Aunt Already Saved.

AUNT BEATRICE was engaged. Bessie had been allowed to attend the betrothal party. That night she shortened her prayers by dropping the beloved aunt's name from her lengthy petition. Her mother was shocked.

"Why didn't you pray for Aunt Beatrice tonight?" she said.

"I didn't suppose she needed to be prayed for now she is engaged," said Bessie.—[New York Times.]

Aren't Men Awful?

"O. H. GEORGE," said Mrs. Bridge, "on your way downtown this morning will you stop at the grocer's and order two pounds of butter and a half-pound of tea and some crackers?"

"Yes, my dear."

"And would you mind leaving my skirt at the tailor's as you go by?"

"Yes, my dear."

"And then go to the milkman's and tell him to leave an extra pint of cream tomorrow?"

"Yes, my dear."

"And when you get to your office will you call up my sister in Winchester and tell her I'll be over Tuesday? They don't charge you for calls there."

"Yes, my dear; and say, wife, would you mind sewing up this little rip in my coat before I start?"

"Good land! Aren't you men terrible? You're always wanting something done."—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

Shadows of History.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, read the small boy from his history, "landed in England in 1066 A. D."

"What does A. D. stand for?" inquired the teacher.

The small boy pondered.

"I don't exactly know," he said. "Maybe it's after dark."—[New York Times.]

No Synonym for English.

A FIERCE Scottish nationalist who lives among his English friends in a state of chronic protest pricked up his ears in the railway compartment on hearing the word "English."

"There ye go again," he grumbled. The speaker apologized.

"You don't know what I said, Mac, so

I'll repeat it and revise it at the same time. The chief fault of the British is lack of self-assertion."

"Mac," looked around, and when he saw everybody else was smiling, condescended to see the joke himself and smiled, too. He even proceeded to make a handsome admission.

"After all, neither Walter Scott nor Thomas Carlyle would have said he wrote British."—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

Getting Even.

NOW, what do you want?" asked the sharp-tempered woman.

"I called to see if I could sell you some bakin' powder, ma'am," said the seedy gentleman with the staggering whiskers.

"Well, you can't sell no bakin' powder here, and I ain't got no time to waste on peddlers, anyway."

"Come to think of it, ma'am," said the seedy gentleman, as he fastened his bag. "I wouldn't care to sell you any powder. This poky little kitchen of yours is so low in the cellin' that the bread wouldn't have no chance to rise."—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

The Difference.

WELL, George," said the president of the company to old George, "how goes it?"

"Fair to middlin', sir," George answered. And he continued to currycomb a bay horse. "Me an' this here boss," George said, suddenly, "has worked for your firm sixteen year."

"Well, well," said the president, thinking a little guiltily of George's salary. "And I suppose you are both pretty highly valued, George, eh?"

"H'm," said George. "The both of us was took sick last week, and they got a doctor for the boss, but they just docked my pay."—[Home Companion.]

Leaping the Gate.

[A. J. R. in Minneapolis Journal:] So many poets and poetesses came into this office with their wares, that the management finally placed a fence and a gate across the passageway to the penetralia. I had a scornful habit of placing one hand on this gate and leaping lightly over, to the shame of all fat contemporaries. But one day "a friend" left the gate just unlatched and swingful. In all the pride of young manhood, I placed a scornful hand thereon and aimed myself mightily at the ceiling.

So imperfect a recording instrument is the carnal human mind, that I have never been able to recall hitting the floor. I dimly remember being high in air, the planet receding rapidly under me, the floor uplifted and the ceiling warped out of place. The first thing I really get a conscious grip on is the act of collecting myself from various parts of the lobby and patching myself together by an effort of will. Several sections of integument were missing and a kneecap or two, but on the whole, barring a few days' limp and a tendency to distrust in the denial of the validity of matter that had stood me in good stead for so long, I was all right.

But oh, how all my fat friends laughed! And how gay and full of persiflage were all the old office wrecks and meat-eaters of the last twenty years who still survived and who could not have jumped over a half-burned match in order to have escaped down the stairway, had the main office caught fire!

A Traveled Bag of Gold.

[Philadelphia Public Ledger:] After traveling sixteen years, during which time it covered thousands of miles, a sack of gold dust mailed in 1839 today has been delivered to Christopher Lalone in Watertown, N. Y. It has been trailing him for years, but he was always just ahead of it.

The gold was started on its journey at Dawson City, Alaska, and was part of the first taken from a new mine. The first address attached to the sack was Schenectady, where Lalone was living. Before it arrived he had left and the gold was sent back to Dawson City. Unclaimed it lay there until a friend learned Lalone was in Terre Haute, Ind. There it was sent, but too late. Later it went to Seattle, Southern California, Alaska and finally back to the East.

THE CALL OF CALIFORNIA'S MOUNTAINS.

Over Cloudland Trails. By Stephen H. Willard.

ABOUT midway of the long and varied State of California, and some hundred and fifty miles from where the blue waters of the placid Pacific break on its delightful shore, lies the land of our greatest height, the range of the Sierra Nevada.

It is a land of magnificent heights and awful depths, of rock-rimmed canyons and snow-clad summits; a land of rosy alpenglow mirrored in the crystal clear waters of glacial lakes, of wild torrents, and awful silences. The unquestioned royalty of these magnificent mountains is well bespoken by their awful silence, their awful majesty.

On Whitney's Summit.

On the top of a continent! Yes, on the very roof of the United States! As we stand on old Whitney's top, the one thing uppermost in our minds is our position above all that panorama of magnificent mountain peaks, and the supreme elevation of this king of American mountains. Everything lies below us. Snow-clad peaks that are themselves remarkable for their extreme height, appear as mere hills, and to the east, the desert lies so far below us as to baffle conception of the distance intervening. The sky has that deep, clear, indescribable blue, approaching blackness, that is so characteristic of this land of high elevations, and the rarity of the air that caused our shortness of breath during the long ascent, is now stimulating and invigorating.

To the north, west and south, the panorama of royal mountains stretch away from us. Northward, the mountains in the Kings-Kern divide shut off all the peaks in that direction, except the famous Palisades, themselves high enough to dominate the entire range for thirty miles in either direction. At the foot of the divide the everlasting snows give birth to the waters that go to make up the river of the Kern.

To the west, sparsely forested areas roll away into the Canyon of the Kern, where the emerald waters of that stream plunge and roar on their southward journey. Across the Kern Canyon, the Black Kaweahs stand in the sheer wall of the Great Western Divide, like teeth in the saw blade of some giant woodsman.

Looking southward to the foot of Mt. Whitney, Twin Lakes appear like gems set in garnet against the ramparts of Mt. Hitchcock, one of the lesser mountains. Over this mountain and farther to the south the range becomes lower, and is finally lost to vision in the forested areas rolling away toward the Tehachapi, and foothills of the Sierras.

But on turning to the East, an abyss yawns at our feet. It is Lone Pine Canyon, and Whitney drops into it with a sheer precipice of some 3000 feet. We gaze down into the headwaters of this canyon, and see the milky, opalescent blue of Crystal Lake, and on down to where sparse timber begins at an elevation permitting its growth. Our eyes follow the canyon on down to where the creek emerges from the mountains and traces its way across the desert, accompanied by a fringe of willows, until it is finally lost in the sands.

We look out over the desert trough of the valley of the Owens River, over the dry lomas known as the Alabama Hills, to where the little town of Lone Pine sleeps in the shadow of Mt. Whitney, and on, across, into the brown mystery of the desert Inyo Mountains, exquisitely veiled in opalescent haze, as only desert mountains can be veiled.

Down the valley to the south, the brackish waters of the Bitter Lake reflect the blue of the desert sky, and over the lake the outline of the distant Panamint melts away into the vastness of the illimitable Mojave.

Finally, unable to comprehend the supreme magnificence of all that we have seen, we begin the descent, literally stunned by the sublimity of it all.

Into the Desert.

Down, down, forever down, the steep trail winds away from Whitney's top. The desert, spread before us like a map, is our destination, but we scarce can realize that several hours are necessary to make the drop from those snow-clad summits and frozen lakes, to where the foothills, soft and warm, open out into the brown desert. On

and on, we slide down the trail, with the packs on the animals forever slipping up on their shoulders. Gradually the air becomes warmer and warmer, as we approach the heat of the desert.

Finally we emerge from the narrow crack of a canyon, pass out through the brown foothills and lomas, off of the washes from the mountains, and into the open desert. And then, the appearance of the country that we have just left! A sheer wall of rock reaching into the very clouds, lost in lilac haze, and almost overhanging in its stupendous height.

Under the shadow of this gigantic wall we journey northward through the sage and greasewood, and come at evening to where the waters of Pine Creek rush pell-mell from the mountains, and tumble on down the slope to where Independence dreams away its time under the eternal blue of the desert sky.

Here we camp, at the foot of the old Kearsarge trail, and in the incense from the burning sage in our campfire, we fancy we see the Indians going back and forth once more over this oldest of Sierra trails.

Over the Kearsarge.

Ascending the eastern slope of the Sierras was well expressed by a friend of mine, while once climbing the old Kearsarge trail. "You have to climb to get up these mountains, no matter what trail you take," he said, and it is certainly true. The eastern trails leading up to the high passes are one long, weary drag, up, up, up, 8000 feet from the desert with its fragrant sage and soft, gray distances, till you reach the ice-bound lakes, on the top of the continent.

The Kearsarge trail leads away from the desert, up a steep slope, and soon the view is cut off as it enters a canyon, where the ascent is begun in earnest. An old mining road is followed for several miles, and we can conjure up a picture of the ore-laden wagons, creaking down the steep slope with all brakes set. The rusty stamp mills still stand in old Kearsarge city, relics of the days of gold, the days of "forty-nine."

Gradually pine and fir displace the sage and cottonwoods of the lower elevations, and about half way up the ascent we come out into a lovely meadow—Onion Valley. Farther up the trail we come upon one after another of an exquisite chain of lakes. Mallock, Flower and Heart lakes, they are called, and the ramparts of the main range tower sheer above their banks.

Near the top of the range, on the old Kearsarge trail, there is a lake of deepest blue. The Indians say it has no bottom, and that might well be so, as its blue is of the deepest, purest, kind. It has no visible inlet or outlet, and as the mountains drop almost sheer into it on all sides, the unromantic Americans have named it "The Pothole." On account of the great elevation, ice floats upon its surface nearly all summer long, and in seasons of cool summer, never melts.

The trail winds high above the northern brink of the Pothole, and tops the range at the Kearsarge Pass, a few hundred feet above the placid, ice-bound waters of the lake. Then, to the southwest, what a view! For a background, the Kings-Kern Divide, stern and unyielding, for a foreground the needle-sharp Kearsarge Pinnacles, with the chain of blue Kearsarge lakes at their feet, like a row of gems locked in the fastness of the mountains. Far down below the Kearsarge chain, shimmers that wonder lake of the Sierras, known as Bullfrog. Over Bullfrog Lake, but in the distance, stands Brewer, the Mount Magnificent, menacing, mocking, challenging us.

Down the trail toward Bullfrog we start, away from the chilly, wind-swept ridge. Soon we are off the loose talus slope, and once more in the stunted Foxtail pine of the high altitudes. Some two miles from the summit we come out on the grassy shore of Bullfrog Lake, and circling its northern shore, we get a magnificent view of the mountains to the south. First, East Vidette, a perfect story book mountain, rises above the Bubba Creek Canyon, and dominates the entire view. Behind the Vidette stands the Kings-Kern Divide, and to the east, University Peak thrusts its outline against the sky. Behind us, and to the north, the slopes of Mts. Rixford and Gould rise precipitately from the water's edge to

their summits, 13,000 feet above the sea. Thus Bullfrog mirrors all this stupendous panorama of gorgeous mountains, until its waters are ruffled by a light breeze, or its surface broken by the leaping trout.

Leaving Bullfrog Lake, we start down the Bubba Creek trail, into the canyon of that name, down past the feet of the majestic Videttes, skirting green meadows, through bogs knee deep with lush grasses and flowers, over rocks and talus slopes, and at evening drag into Junction Meadow, and camp at the foot of the West Vidette.

Junction Meadow in August is a vale of enchantment. The meadow lawns are flower-bedecked, and the breeze rustles through the aspen thickets, carrying the scent of every Sierra flower. As the day goes down into evening, the West Vidette takes fire with alpenglow, and the light, fleecy clouds of the warm afternoon die over its summit. A light breeze whispers through the tops of the giant red firs, lulling us to sleep, and down the meadow near the rippling stream, the tinkle of bells reminds us that our animals are content with the good feed, and will not wander far.

The Canyon of the Kings.

In the coolness of the Sierra morning we resume the journey down the canyon trail, always close to the wild, torrential, Bubba Creek. Now we pass through a small grove of fir, now out over the brilliant green of a little meadow, and then crush our way through brakes, growing head high on either side of the trail.

At last we come out on the face of a cliff, and the zig-zag trail works down its face. Bubba Creek leaps down with a howl, as if it well knew that it was soon to be swallowed up by the mightier Kings River. The famous Kings River Canyon now stretches away from us to the west. We have reached the valley of rock-sculptured canyon wall, of glacier-cut dome, of peaceful river reaches, and of pine and cedar forests. At our left, but a few miles down the valley, Grand Sentinel rises to the magnificent height of 3600 feet from the river, and dominates the entire valley. At its foot, the bright green of Sentinel Meadow presents a striking contrast to the darker green of the fine forest. On the right, or northern rim of the valley, Muir Rock or North Dome rises 3800 to its pinnacled crest. The river swings in from the north out of Paradise Canyon, and winds down the valley, hidden by the forest. In the distance, and at the western end of the valley, stands Lookout Mountain, asleep all day under a blanket of blue haze.

In Kings Canyon we camp beside a deep green pool in the river, and pleased by the warm days and pleasant, balmy nights, prepare to stay indefinitely, and hunt, fish or take side trips. Kings River Canyon is a perfect "Valley of Peace," and I often think of it as "The Valley of Lost Ambitions," for though in camp we plan and aspire to scale the lofty cliffs, or climb some nearby peak, the perfect peace of a lazy day under the pines and cedars is too tempting, so the days drift by, and we do nothing but dream on, and listen to the swish, swish, of the most beautiful of all California rivers.

Twice a week the mail comes by pack train to Kanawyers Camp, in the canyon, and then we make a leisurely journey to the camp store for our mail. Now and then a party rides into the canyon on a long trip, stops for a few days, and then passes on up the trail, and is swallowed up once more by the vastness of the mountains.

The evenings in Kings River Canyon are marked by a marvelous succession of color changes on canyon wall and distant mountain peak. A peculiar sunset effect is the usual occurrence on Sunset Peak, the only part of the High Sierra visible from Kanawyers. As we sit in front of Kanawyers store enjoying our after-supper pipes, and watching the sun go down, Sunset Peak takes fire in its last rays, and glows with reddish light. Then when the sun is gone, canyon wall and peak are alike in somber grayness, but after some time, when the whole canyon is wrapped in purple twilight, the peak is lit up once more by a weird sort of after glow.

When we leave the campfire at Kanawyers, and pick our way through the forest, soft and warm, to our own camp, we feel

strongly the personality of the mountains and wonder at their vague charm.

Why do the mountains call us back to them, with a lure too strong to resist? Is it the enchantment of things too vast and mighty to comprehend, and the sheer beauty of pure lakes in their setting of stern, snow-clad peaks? Is it the threat of the jagged peaks, challenging our return, or the perfect peace of the secluded meadows, with the scent of wild flowers, and music of cow-bells in the encircling wood? Or is it the rosy alpenglow over those snow-clad summits and rock-rimmed canyons, and the blue hazes that fill the valleys toward evening? Perhaps it is the cheery crackle of the campfire, and the rush of the stream nearby, lulling us into a sound night's sleep. Who knows whether it is the freedom of the awful silences, or the homing instinct of man, demanding that he walk again familiar trails, see once more familiar camping places, and hear again the rapping of the woodpecker in the lonely forest?

Many know the call, but who can explain it?

Pan-American Union.

SUBJECT OF THE HALFTONE ILLUSTRATIONS ON PAGE 17.

The upper picture on page 17 of this magazine presents the Pan-American Building in Washington, which is the home of the Pan-American Union, the official international organization of the twenty-one American republics devoted to the development of commerce, friendship and peace among them. This noble building, constructed entirely of white marble, and its beautiful grounds, represent an investment of \$1,100,000. The greatest living French architect has described the building as combining beauty of architecture and usefulness of purpose, for its cost, more than any other public edifice in the world. It is literally the Capitol of the Western Hemisphere in the national capital of the United States, for there meets regularly within its walls the governing board of the Pan-American Union, which is the actual Congress of all the American republics, composed of the Secretary of State of the United States and the Latin-American Ambassadors and Ministers in Washington. This board has the unique distinction of being the only permanent international peace council in the world, while the building and the organization is the only one in the world controlled jointly by a large group of nations. In its practical every-day work the Pan-American Union is a great international bureau of information. Its director-general is John Barrett, former United States Minister to Argentina, and its assistant director, Francisco J. Yanes of Venezuela.

The lower picture shows the governing board of the Pan-American Union, the official international organization of the twenty-one American republics, as they were seated around the great mahogany table in their assembly room in the beautiful Pan-American Building on the occasion of their first winter meeting, November 1, 1916.

Beginning with Secretary of State Robert Lansing, chairman ex-officio, who sits at the head of the table, the eight persons seated or standing on the left of the table are, in order, as follows: Rómulo S. Naón, Ambassador of Argentina; Carlos M. de Peña, Minister of Uruguay; John Barrett, director-general of the Pan-American Union; Solón Méndez, Minister of Haiti; Santos A. Domínguez, Minister of Venezuela; M. de Freyre y Santander, Chargé d'Affaires of Peru; Gustavo Munizaga Varela, Chargé d'Affaires of Chile; and Francisco J. Yanes, assistant director of the Pan-American Union. Beginning with the Brazilian Ambassador, Domicio de Gama, who is seated on the right of Secretary Lansing, the eight on the right side of the table are, in order, as follows: Ignacio Calderon, Minister of Bolivia; Joaquín Mendes, Minister of Guatemala; Alberto Membrillo, Minister of Honduras; Gonzalo S. Córdova, Minister of Ecuador; C. M. de Céspedes, Minister of Cuba; Rafael Zaldívar, Minister of Salvador; Joaquín Cuadra Zavala, Chargé d'Affaires of Nicaragua; and J. E. Lefevre, Chargé d'Affaires of Panama. Unavoidably absent were the Ministers of Colombia, Paraguay, Costa Rica, and the Dominican Republic. The Ambassador of Mexico had not presented his credentials.

See illustration on page 16.

Su Independencia. Por el Dr. J. Ziegner-Uriburu.

Exact Change. By Gertrude Overgaard.

are they are. Three instances of falsity under one cash register letter, the register letter is A, is it not?" "Yes." Although he turned pale, Holbrook's eyes were unflinching.

"What have you got to say to that?" asked Garner.

"What I said a while ago. Any time you find me stealing, you don't."

"You needn't bluff," Garner struck the desk, angrily. "Turn over the \$7.20 we've against you and I'll give you your pay, slop."

"I haven't got any of your money," roared Holbrook. "But I'll go. First, though, I got to be shown. I won't go branded with that."

Mr. Carter extended his memorandum for Holbrook's inspection. "There is nothing unusual in our work," he said. "We buy goods and the clerk registers his bill with the purchase. We don't know men or their letters apart."

"That's all right," interrupted Holbrook, impatiently.

"Here's the proof," the detective went on. "Our lady agents happened to be the purchasers when you registered short. Perhaps you remember them—a short woman wearing glasses, and a thin one with white hair." He read aloud,

"A can of body polish, 80 cents; registered cents. A pair of corrugated dimmers, \$3, registered \$2; one tire \$14, registered, \$9. I haven't sold a tire today," exclaimed Holbrook. "That proves you're wrong."

Mr. Carter laughed, softly. "You've forgotten it, my boy, but the lady will remember you."

"Send for her," the manager challenged, "know I haven't sold one."

The detective called up his agency, and after a short wait, two women whom Holbrook recognized as having been part of his pious "gang" were admitted to the store.

"Did you do any trading with this man to-day?" Mr. Carter indicated Holbrook.

The younger woman answered, "Yes, sir." Report it."

He took a memorandum from her bag and read, "Bought of light man, apparently man, one tire tool, 50 cents; one wrench, 50 cents. Amount, \$1. Registered \$1."

"Was that all?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you?" The detective questioned her companion who was consulting a list from an alligator-skin purse.

She shook her head. "Nothing."

"Didn't you buy a tire?"

"Not from him." The second woman read from her card. "Bought of dark man, one tire, \$14; registered \$9."

"I, too have something against the dark man," interrupted the other. "One can of body polish, 80 cents; registered 60 cents. Afterward I got interested in a new kind of dimmer and bought a pair for \$3. The dark fellow registered them at \$2. We congratulated ourselves for having spotted him when he entered the store for the one we'd catch."

"But his letter is D," objected Mr. Carter. "And the register tape records these letters as being made by A."

"We'd know that man anywhere." The women remained firm.

"Please send for your other salesman, Mr. Garner," requested the detective.

When Alex Carpenter appeared he was immediately recognized by the women as the dark man who had registered short.

"What is your sales letter?" asked Mr. Carter.

Alex, who had manifested a surly reluctance to join the party maintained a resentful silence and Mr. Garner answered for him.

"His letter is D."

"So!" Mr. Carter nodded, his eyes on Alex, who stood sulkily defiant. "Such an occurrence is not unusual with us."

"The tape registers these amounts as punched by A," insisted Garner. "Here it is in plain as a machine can make it: A, 60 cents; A, \$2; A, \$9. How do you account for that?"

"D used A's drawer when registering his shorts," replied Mr. Carter. "It's a favorite way of covering up a trail."

Garner turned upon Alex. "How long has

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